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NEW STATESMAN

Patrick Wintour

Official Secrets and Broken Promises

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Anthony Sampson: London Diary

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One More Try at the Aircraft Industry

One of the grand old men of the American aviation business used to define an airliner as 'a machine capable of supporting itself aerodynamically and financially at the same time'. By that test the British aircraft industry, one of the larger recipients of public investment since the Second World War, has not built very many airliners. The Government now has only a little time left in which to decide whether to give the industry one more chance to make good – and if so, inside what sort of international partnership.

It is, by any standard, a complex problem, but there is one line of argument which should be dismissed right away as an over-simplification. Why not, it has been asked in the *Financial Times*, just leave the issue to the commercial judgment of the people who run British Airways? If they decide to buy their next batch of airliners from Boeing, rather than from British Aerospace, that may very well end Britain's independent design capacity in the civil aircraft business. But if that is the verdict of the market, should it not be accepted?

The commercial viewpoint of British Airways is naturally a factor in the equation. But the trading perspective of a firm which is bound up in the shorter-term fluctuations of the air-transport business itself cannot be the sole determinant of a long-term decision of industrial policy.

To be sure, the American industry has done much better than ours at producing airliners which are capable of financial take-off. But it is only a quaint American religious practice which ascribes this to the operation of untrammelled market forces: in truth, the American aviation industry has been regulated, planned and heavily assisted by the state throughout its growth towards international dominion.

Their position is now immensely powerful, and perhaps invincible. The heavily-subsidised American airlines provide a huge domestic market which makes a perfect base for international operations: and the base will be protected, when necessary, by deployment of political muscle. We have lately had two reminders of this: the British contender for a new international blind-landing system lost to the American one by a vote far heftier than anything which the technical debate could explain; and as soon as any doubt was raised about the British Airways-Boeing deal, there were noises from Congress about the possibility of denying credits to Eastern Airlines for their prospective purchase of the European Airbus, in the production of which British Aerospace has a small but useful stake.

Some people argue that the best thing to do is to stop competing in a field where our record is poor and the competition alarmingly well-equipped. But aerospace is one of the few industries in which we have some kind of presence established, and which seems likely to grow, rather than decline, over the next twenty years. Simply to pull out would be to add credibility to those forecasts in which the Britain of the mid-eighties appears as a net importer of engineering goods.

Combining with the Americans is, of course, perfectly possible. Boeing, and some of their American rivals, are willing to offer a participation deal for the development of a new-generation jetliner – so that British Airways will have the aircraft it wants, and British Aerospace will get a considerable amount of work as well. But in any simple deal with the Americans, it will be almost impossible to preserve Britain's real long-term interest, which is the ability to *design* aircraft. Putting it brutally, the Americans simply do not need any design skills this country has to offer.

The alternative is for British Airways to be given the native-born BAC 1-11 for its immediate replacement needs, while British Aerospace begins work with French and German partners on a new-generation European jet transport. Of course, this would be immensely more complex than a simple American deal, but the advantage is that any European consortium has a real need for British design resources, and will therefore tend to preserve them. To make such a deal work – without incurring an aerospace trade war with the Americans – will require a very sophisticated level of politico-industrial control. It is time that we began to demonstrate those skills.

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Notes on Politics and Power

How the Army gave Colonel B away

The full absurdity of the Colonel 'B' affair is evidenced by the ease with which the journalists on *The Leveller* and *Peace News* – now summoned to appear before the Lord Chief Justice for alleged contempt of court – ascertained the old boy's identity in the first place.

The colonel, readers will recall, gave evidence anonymously in the 'ABC' Official Secrets Act case at Tottenham Magistrates' Court last November. The case essentially concerned an interview between two journalists, Crispin Aubrey and Duncan Campbell, and a former lance corporal in the British Army's Intelligence Corps, John Berry. Colonol 'B' was the expert witness who identified the topics discussed in the interview and stated that they could, if disclosed, result in 'serious damage' to the national interest.

Colonel 'B' talked about SIGINT. This is signals intelligence, the process practiced for over 30 years of intercepting every possible radio communication or other electronic transmission of any other country. He claimed that SIGINT was a very important part of intelligence, essential to the defence of the United Kingdom, and said, that in his view there should be no discussion of SIGINT outside the closed community of those who had appropriate clearance. Hence his own desire for anonymity.

Nonetheless, in open court the colonel gave details of his army unit and his dates of posting. The journalists on the miscreant magazines simply worked through back-copies of *The Wire,* the (openly-available) journal of the Royal Signals Association to track him down. Hey presto: in the issue of December, 1974 they found his transfer to the British Army Department D124 responsible for administering the Army's contribution to SIGINT (along, incidentally, with the details of postings of dozens of other officers and men).

Magazines like *The Wire* do not just reveal the names of anonymous military witnesses hiding behind initials, they also devalue the secrecy of what they say. One year after the issue that was consulted to find his name, Colonel 'B' featured several times. One report mentioned that he had previously commanded a signal regiment in Cyprus and listed in bold type those who had served under him at the SIGINT unit. Another item, treating the subject as if it were the prattle of an old boys' journal, referred to his visiting a SIGINT unit in Hampshire scheduled for closure.

In America these military magazines make altogether easier, and more open, reading. The United States Army Security Agency which is their version of the organisation commanded by Colonel B, has its own publication, *'Hallmark'*. This journal cheerfully and readily identifies the mission of the Army Security Agency as 'cryptology' and reports the activities of various divisions, identifying their titles and their locations. But then, the American spirit of open inquiry is of course alien to Britons in the same field, despite the wide communality of their intelligence information.

Cosy days in the Public Accounts Committee

An insight into the *real* issue of secrecy in government – so effectively blurred by the fuss over Colonel 'B' – can be gleaned from the arguments of Sir Anthony Rawlinson, Second Permanent Secretary at the Treasury, who, with his mandarin colleagues, was recently trying to persuade the Committee of Public Accounts – probably the most important of the House of Commons select committees – not to admit the public during the examination of witnesses.

'When the committee is sitting in private' said Sir Anthony, 'one does feel that one can in a sense take the committee into one's confidence.' And again: 'It is not a question of suppressing things, it is just a question of how forthcoming you are.'

Presumably disturbed by the increasingly Congressional attitudes of some parliamentary select committees, Sir Anthony fought doggedly to restrain the PAC on the grounds that a public presence would destroy the cosy atmosphere of bipartisanship. 'The accounting officers do feel that in a sense both they and the committee, like the Treasury, are all on the same side . . . To get into a sort of endemic adversary relationship would, I think, not be beneficial . . . the whole exchange might become rather more political and that would lose a certain amount of the benefit towards efficiency. I think that instant publicity could make for more problems in maintaining that all-party collective spirit which I think has a great deal to do with the very important status of this committee.'

Though Sir Anthony lost the battle, and three meetings have already been held in public he may yet win the war. His evidence is littered with references to what the civil servants would (or could) do to keep evidence secret: getting ministerial instructions not to answer questions; excluding the press; vetoing public discussion on defence or Northern Ireland. As the Comptroller of Northern Ireland admitted to the PAC itself: 'A really astute accounting officer determined not to hit the headlines could frustrate the Committee for a considerable time.'

Sam Silkin, are you listening?

Immigration: a measure of voters' attitudes

The Lambeth Central by-election last week provided a useful, and not unhopeful, test of what people living in one of Mrs Thatcher's favourite 'swamping' grounds really think about race and immigration. A poll of Brixton voters, conducted by Market and Opinion Research International for BBC-TV, makes a fascinating contrast with a MORI-*Sunday Times* poll of British voters generally, taken a week earlier.

In both polls, interviewees were asked to select 'important issues' of the day. In both polls 'race relations' and 'immigration' were mentioned in significant numbers. But there the similarities end. 38 per cent of British voters as a whole regarded 'immigration' (i.e., numbers coming in) as an important problem: but among Brixton's whites, the figure was actually rather less – 24 per cent. On the other hand, race relations (i.e. living together with those we already have) was thought important by more white Brixtonians (24 per cent) than by Britons generally (15 per cent).

At first sight, this could simply mean that in different places people use different words to describe the same can of political worms. Not so. In Brixton, those who regarded 'immigration' as a key issue favoured Tory policies by two-to-one; while those who referred to 'race relations' favoured Labour policies by five-to-two. (Nationally the Tories also did better on 'immigration' than 'race relations', though the difference was less marked.

Two conclusions: first, the more Labour can steer the discussion from 'immigration' to 'race relations' (or, even better, to jobs, prices and housing – the real Brixton worries, according to MORI), the more it will drain the iron maiden's swamp. Secondly, the people at the sharp end of the problem are already far more aware than voters nationally of the irrelevance of Conservative posturings.

There is, of course, another lesson from Lambeth Central directly for the Labour Party: the constituency Labour Party down there must really start recruiting members from among the constituency's blacks. They now comprise a quarter of the area's population, making it one of the dozen most multi-racial constituencies in Britain. Yet there is barely a single black face to be seen at any Lambeth general-management committee meeting. Labour may have more to fear from the alienating of its black vote than its white vote.

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Next week the cover price of the NEW STATESMAN will be increased to 30p with corresponding increases in subscription rates.

It is over two years since we were last forced to raise our cover price and it has only been possible to absorb the regular increases in our various costs through rigorous and sustained economies. We regret that now we have no alternative but to recover these higher costs through an increased cover price.

However we hope all our readers will agree that at 30p, which will not even buy a decent pint of beer these days, the NEW STATESMAN remains outstanding value for money.

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Christopher Hitchens: A Stalinist Attack on the Italian Establishment

This week sees the thirty-third anniversary of the fall of Fascism in Rome. And, as usual, the militants of the Communist Party have been out papering the streets and squares of the city in commemoration. Only this year the posters are printed in blue. They warn the populace against attempts to destroy the republic once again.

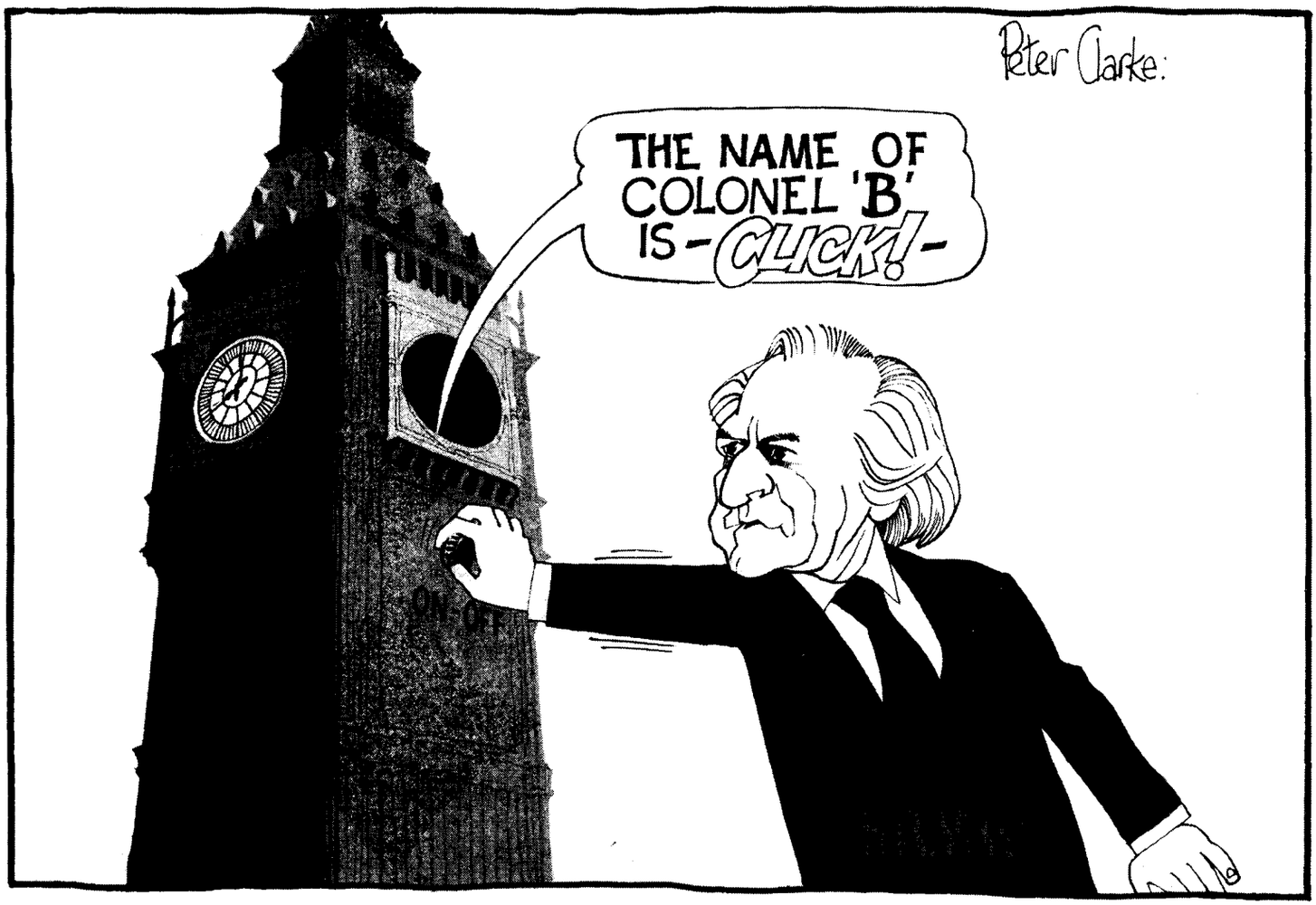
When the Red Brigades chose Aldo Moro as their target, they knew exactly what they were doing. Not only is he a symbol of Christian Democratic rule, and thus an alien figure in the minds of many Italians, but he is also the only non-communist figure who had any perspective for national recuperation. He was the last of the Adenauer generation of Euro-conservatives in a country where the prestige of conservatism is not high. His removal is unambiguously the most considerable success for terrorism since 1945.

The Italian political system is not ideally situated for a war of nerves. The politicians themselves are well aware of their low rating with public opinion. The security forces are widely hated and despised, and their incompetence is only partly an accident. They are kept divided and decentralised because it is feared that if ever they became properly disciplined and led they might take over the state by force. Twice in the past few years the military intelligence leadership has appeared to be implicated in plans for a coup, and its former head, Victor Miceli, now sits as a deputy for the Fascist party. Other European states faced with terrorism have not had problems quite like that.

Two other distinctions need to be made. The Red Brigades differ from the Baader-Meinhof gang, and the Italian government is not like the German, French or British establishments. Last week I talked with Lucio Colletti, one of the foremost philosophers of the Italian Left. 'I have no property to defend', he said. 'But I am willing to fight hard against the neo-Stalinists of the Red Brigades. I am prepared to make common cause with anybody against those who oppose free politics, free unions and a free press'. He pointed out something which has been becoming more obvious in the last month – that whereas the Baader-Meinhof group were an armed gang, involving only certain floating and neurotic individuals the Red Brigades are something more like an armed party – and they have a large area of actual or potential support. 'Some people are against dealing with them because they are unrepresentative', said Colletti. 'But I oppose negotiations with them because at least in relation to the Italian state they are strong'.

In the last few years the streets and universities have been swept by a flood of aggressive young totalitarians, who yearn for the good old days of a Stalinism which they can neither remember nor imagine. For them, the moment of truth was the very year – 1945 – which is being commemorated this week. It was in that year that the Communist partisans laid down their arms without resisting, and it is from that time that the terrorists consider that the betrayal of the Italian revolution began.

The fact that Stalin supported that betrayal is neither here nor there to the Red Brigades, who are not strong on theoretical or historical matters. What is important to them is that there always was a fraction of the party which opposed the decision and hung onto its guns (some of those now acting as lawyers for the Red Brigade prisoners were members of that current of opinion). As time has worn by, and as the habits and skills of violence have become more ingrained, this little group has shed the callow Maoist idealism of Renato Curcio and now openly hails Stalin himself as the great leader. Their slogan is *'Tanto Peggio, Tanto Meglio'*, or *'The Worse, The Better'*, and it echoes the crazed view, derived from Stalin, which the Ger-



Deep Throat

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man Communists took in 1933: *'After Hitler, Us'*. This explains why the Communist Party here is now so fierce in its denunciations of the Red Brigades, many of whose members came from PCI background and training. They realise that the apple did not fall very far from the tree.

The second distinction is an easier one to observe, and easier to understand. Large numbers of thinking and working Italians are now so cynical and angry about the Christian Democrats that they do not care what happens to them or their leaders. Sympathy has mainly been confined to the slain bodyguards in the Moro case. His foxy face on the screen has professional politician written all over it, which in Italy means on the take, indifferent to the poor, grovelling for favours. Moro's letters from the hideout were greeted everywhere with contempt – just another of the old gang trying to talk himself out of a tight corner. Unlike the Gaullists, say, or the Tories or the CDU, the Italian Christian Democrats have been very visibly selling the country to foreign interests, thus violating the basic conservative tenet of patriotism. They have been willing to collaborate with Fascists on many occasions, and they have excluded the working class and its parties from any share in power.

As a result, there is a layer of Italy's under-class in the slums and the prisons and the sweatshops which regard the Red Brigades as brave and humorous brigands of the authentic popular type, and which suspects that the Communist Party has ambitions only to share in the spoils of power and patronage. These people would no more help the police find Moro than they would turn down the offer of a trip to Lourdes. They are primitive, but they are numerous. They are the sort of people who set off with blankets and food for the victims of the Friuli earthquake, because they knew in their bones that the D-C government would do nothing much about it except pocket the relief money.

A Red Brigade profile

So it has been a punishing few weeks for the Italian system. There was even a 'deep throat' (*Gola Profonda* who was telling the papers that President Leone would shortly have to resign before Moro could blow the whistle on him. The source turned out to be himself a senior Christian Democratic parliamentarian. The habit of back-stabbing dies hard, and it was certainly a matchless time for the president's lawyers to secure an injunction against a book by a well-known journalist which accused him of everything from straight corruption to collaboration with foreign secret services.

Who are the Red Brigades? As far as any typical profile can be built up, they are young members of the northern working class, with experience of political and industrial conflict in plants like FIAT. They recruit their hard-core mainly in prison, where security is lax and conditions vile, and where there are not a few young proletarians incarcerated for lack of the money to pay a lawyer. Unlike some of the other armed groups such as NAP (armed Nucleus of the Proletariat) the Red Brigades do not set out to recruit fascists in the prison system, though some of their members do seem to have changed sides more than once. They are more likely to have a history of leftist activity, usually involving a spell in the Communist Party and often involving expulsions from it. The ideology is simple – sometimes picked up from a trip to Albania. The Communist Party has sold out, the workers are apathetic. A period of black reaction will force the masses to fight back and expose bourgeois rule. For this, an immediate armed struggle is the catalytic condition.

Once this 'strategy' moved from the minds of sociology students into action, it began to attract the sort of people who are attracted by that sort of thing. Around the Red Brigades is a periphery of intolerant and ignorant young people, (the so-called 'autonomi') who spend their time smashing up the lectures of men like Colletti and who last year were waving pistols and revolvers in the Campo Fiori and proclaiming that the revolution had arrived. Many or most of this element are not Stalinists, but their nihilism and their casual attitude to violence are a great help to those who are.

Intellectual resistance

It is still possible to have lunch as I did with a professor of constitutional law, a former pupil and friend of Moro, and hear him say the Red Brigades have a point. But professors and intellectuals who until recently would say with great insouciance that the constitution was not worth saving are now feeling the threat of terrorism and even civil war. Notable in this context is the normally vain figure of Alberto Moravia, who had been dismissively saying that he did not recognise himself in the Italian state and did not feel engaged in its quarrels. This week he came out with a statement denouncing the Red Brigades as retarded Stalinists and execrating their use of what he termed 'capital punishment'. Then there is Leonardo Sciascia, the author of *Illustrious Corpses*', who had been telling the communist party that its historic compromise was just a sellout of the masses and who this week also rallied to the side of law and order. The Communists have been outbidding everybody on this front, though their unity was slightly spoiled at the weekend. A call for negotiation with the Brigades came from Umberto Terracini, a man hard to disown because he was in prison with Gramsci under Mussolini and was one of the signatories of the post-war constitution.

He, and some other communists in private, think that the Red Brigades may become the spokesman of the alienated and the ghettoes. They think that the historic compromise has gone too far by way of associating the Communists with a discredited old regime, and that with Moro gone there will be less and less percentage in concilliation of this sort. (There is, also, a very slight nostalgia at work for the myth of the partisans.)

The fear of the Communist leadership is not that they will lose support on the left by their hard line, or that they will cease to speak for a sub-class that they never really spoke for anyway. It is that their new, and as yet, insecure base in the middle-class will have no further stomach for the tough days ahead. If that happens, and if as a result the historic compromise should be undone, only then would the old dogmatists start to reassert themselves and demand a return to the ancient verities. Berlinguer drives in a bullet-proof car these days, with guards from both the police and the party, and the PCI headquarters in the Street of the Dark Shop are dark no longer, with the installation of floodlights. But keeping out of the way of the bullets is not going to be enough. The Right and a section of the Church are already saying that they warned all along that this would happen if the Communists were appeased.

The Italian state has yet to find anyone who believes in it enough to withstand this kind of aggression. Metternich used to say that Italy was a geographical expression and not a country, and although he was wrong he could see that its ruling and educated classes did not have the kind of solidarity found elsewhere. Four years ago, when they were still relatively small potatoes, the Red Brigades kidnapped Mario Sossi, the deputy prosecutor in Genoa. After a short while he started to issue denunciations of his former colleagues and superiors, alleging that they practised class justice and conspired to enrich each other (which was not an altogether fictitious allegation). He was then released by the gang and his superior Francisco Coco was shot dead on the street some time later.

But it was never imagined that Aldo Moro would write a letter of the kind he has just written to Benigno Zaccagnini, the leader of the Christian Democratic machine. The letter says in effect that the party knows that it is nothing without Moro, that its functionaries know they owe him everything, and that there is no point in postponing a handover. The Red Brigades are able to pressure him, but the letter was authentically arrogant and blustering.

The impotent Right

The only crumb of comfort in the situation is the split and discredited state of the extreme Right, who played their best card for a military coup prematurely in 1969 and probably cannot try that tactic again. But the Red Brigades have informers and sympathisers at various levels of the state and its bureaucracy, and a great deal of money from kidnap and extortion. The state will be forced to match them before long, and try to make its citizens support harsh measures.

The country's main problems remain what they were – chronic regional imbalance, great disparities between the classes, and an acute dependence on the fluctuations of the international and especially American economies. Then, politically, it is saddled with a Christian Democratic party that is neither Christian nor Democratic, and a Communist party which is no longer Stalinist but which has not evolved into an authentic Socialist party either. Gramsci observed once that: 'The crisis consists precisely in the fact that the old is dying and the new cannot be born. In this interregnum a great variety of morbid symptoms appear'. They do indeed.

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Callaghan: 'more effective' machinery

Rees: 'an Armalite, not a blunderbuss'

Mulley: a willing prisoner of the MOD

Patrick Wintour: Official Secrets and Broken Promises

Drawings by Richard Willson

The parliamentary fingering of Colonel Johnstone and Fleet Street's subsequent nervous rash at its publication of the proceedings has unfortunately distracted attention from the substantive question of what the Home Office are doing to the Official Secrets Act. That was not the MP's intention. Colonel B., after all, had originally been wheeled into the Magistrates Court to defend the Act against Crispin Aubrey, Duncan Campbell and John Berry.

The hope that a Labour government would not become entangled in such courtroom follies largely rested on the October 1974 manifesto promise to repeal the Official Secrets Act and pass 'a measure to put the burden on the public authorities to justify withholding information'. This clearly implied some legislation on open government similar to that in existence in the US and Sweden. Ministers whispered that some such reform would be included in a Queen's Speech, the particular target being the Act's notorious Section 2. Thus one finds the *Guardian*, glowing, in September 1975:

> In Section 2's place Mr Jenkins, the Home Secretary, is expected to introduce a Section that will open up to the press the power of almost total investigation . . . The legislation which will dispose of criminal law in this field leading to trial and imprisonment and its place in the crowded legislative timetable owe much to the personal conviction and libertarian views of Mr Jenkins.

The reporter must have misjudged Mr Jenkins's personal convictions since 31 months later Jenkins has flown the nest and we are awaiting the publication in five weeks time of a White Paper from Mr Rees which, investigation reveals to be highly illiberal.

What has taken place is a classic counter-insurgency campaign, led by the Home Office, the Foreign Office and the Ministry of Defence, to stifle the Labour Party's policy of opening the civil service to public scrutiny. Their attitude was exemplified last week when one Home Office official argued blandly that since the promise to put the onus of justification for secrecy onto the civil service had not been in Labour's February 1974 manifesto, the October pledge was merely an 'aberration'.

Undoubtedly a large number of the cabinet would agree with such a judgement. The cabinet committee (either one specially set up or the long standing Overseas and Defence Policy Committee containing the Prime Minister, Healey, Mulley, Owen and Mason) that has been looking at official secrets since the summer of 1976 was probably galvanised into action more by embarrassment at the famous leak over child benefit rates than any veneration for the manifesto on which they were elected.

The Government have behaved as though talk of open government was an unfortunate digression from the real task of following through the 1972 Franks Commission and refining Section 2 of the Act, the statutory iron curtain of the civil service. Rees explained to the Commons on 22 November 1976, in his only major statement on official secrecy, that he was seeking to transform Section 2 from a blunderbuss into an Armalite. Besides the ballistical metaphor the point worth noting is that by modernising Section 2 and removing its notorious generality, the Government will thereby make its more frequent use more respectable.

The Act was originally whisked through the House in 30 minutes at a time of pre-First World War German spy mania. Ever since the abortive prosecution of Jonathan Aitken and the editor of the *Sunday Telegraph* it has been common ground that Section 2 needed an overhaul. The Franks Commission, on which Rees sat, found Section 2 'a mess. Its scope is enormously wide. Any law which impinges on the freedom of information in a democracy should be more tightly drawn. A catch-all provision is saved from absurdity in operation only by the sparing exercise of the Attorney General's discretion to prosecute'. On face value the Act makes a crime of *any* unauthorised disclosure of *any* official information by a crown servant or its receipt or further communication by anyone else.

It has been used on the most petty of cases such as the cost of army uniforms, but its serious influence is through making public servants nervously and continuously aware of its existence and the threat that it might be relevant to any discussion of their work. As Hans Enzenberger once wrote: 'What is primarily a secret is what is a secret and what isn't; that is perhaps the actual state secret.' The Act's most recent airing, however, has been in Northern Ireland, where Roy Mason forced local government employees to sign the Act after the revelation of a Belfast housing scandal which implied that direct rule was not as efficient as Mason wanted it to be.

There is a real danger that Rees will reform purely along the lines of the Franks Report and then present this as Labour's stride towards open government. Yet the Franks Commission said plainly that any proposal to provide a statutory right of access to information was outside their brief. The desire to disclose information deliberately is a separate matter from attempts to stop unintended revelation. Rees is dealing only with the latter: he is altering the penalties for disclosing information, but not the nature of the information that can be released.

Rees's claim that he is going further than Franks amounts to two points. First, it will no longer be criminal to leak domestic and economic policy papers under Rees's proposals, while under Franks's release of economic information would have been subject to criminal sanctions. And secondly, unlike Franks, cabinet documents would not require blanket protection, leakages being dealt with according to their classification. All this in fact means is that civil servants found guilty of leaking certain categories of information will no longer be jailed, they will face internal discipline and probably lose their job.

The closed mentality in Whitehall is such that even these changes in classification have led to fevered opposition from the Defence and Foreign Ministries. They need

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not have worried so. As Roy Jenkins said in his Guildhall speech in 1975 civil service habits of secrecy are so ingrained that little will be betrayed despite the smaller penalties. Nor is there any indication in the White Paper about what will occur if the civil servant has the courage of his convictions and passes on information. Will the courts have the right to decide if that information should have been classified originally, or must they take the word of the Minister that the classification is correct? Shirley Williams's protest when Shadow Home Secretary that the civil servant should have the right to challenge the Minister's classification and plead public interest seems to have been forgotten.

However half-hearted the reform of Section 2 is, concern is now increasingly focusing on Rees's stubborn decision to leave Section 1 intact. This section has traditionally but wrongly been associated solely with espionage, but was used against the Committee of 100 in 1964.

It seems almost irrelevant that Rees is tinkering with Section 2 when Section 1 will still stand and is even now being used – without, on this occasion, the Home Secretary's foreknowledge – against Aubrey, Berry, and Campbell for crimes which again can hardly be regarded as spying. Rees has been told a number of times both in the PLP Home Affairs group and the Labour Party Machinery of Government study group about the implications of leaving Section 1 untouched. For one thing his promise to the House of November 1976 that mere receipt of classified information will no longer be a crime cannot be kept if he lets Section 1 stand. The Home Office are now also aware of Section 1's importance, but say the 'tramlines are set'. At the moment, Mr Rees's crumpled brow suddenly goes blank when Section 1 is mentioned to him, so keen is he to disassociate himself from the activities of the Special Branch against Berry, Aubrey and Campbell. Nor is his other response, of saying that 'after the trial we'll know what to do about Section 1' much comfort to those partaking in the experiment.

Callaghan's substitute

It will be interesting to see whether Mr Callaghan will dare to parcel-up a more efficient Official Secrets Act as Labour's Manifesto promise on freedom of information. It will be deeply ironic if he does, since Callaghan deliberately stalled with the White Paper, for fear that the House's backbenchers would turn a Bill into a freedom of information act.

To curb his critics Callaghan has suggested that reform of government machinery would lead to a 'working assumption' that the background material going into White Papers should be published.

This announcement was presented as a surrogate for legislation on open government. To test its validity Robert Kilroy-Silk tabled a motion in the House asking what material had been printed since this decree.

As Whitehall admits, it is quite patent that virtually nothing has been published that would not have been published anyway. The exception has been the Department of Energy, the rule the example of the recent White Paper on Nationality which announces disingenuously that this White Paper has been published in the interests of open government and then goes on to make no mention of the inter-departmental working papers that were produced presenting opposing policy options.

The difficulty with Callaghan's decree is that without a forthcoming Civil Service or a register of papers, little can be gleaned on which papers to ask for. The Civil Service are in fact playing exactly the same card as they tried in their White Paper reply to the Fulton Committee in 1969 which said of the Official Secrets Act that it did not 'inhibit the authorised release of information made with authority. What the Fulton Committee commended and what the Government propose to expand in every possible way is the practice of widening the range of information whose release is authorised.'

Costs: a False Alarm

Mr Rees has explained to the Labour Party Machinery of Government study group that an open government act would be too costly. In this he was merely parrotting Roy Jenkins, who after a trip to America decided that such an Act would be too expensive, cumbersome and over-legal. Rees himself has never troubled to have any costings made, but the price of democracy may not be as high as he believes. Figures being used in the US Presidents' office suggested that the cost of their legislation would be $300m. a year. The actual starting costs emerged to be $29.5m. and the annual costs $34m. – a massive false alarm.

But the Government have been allowed to get away with their torpor by the press and, more suprisingly by the pressure groups who would benefit from access to information. This was partly because hopes rested on the all party Freedom of Information group led by Arthur Lewis MP which turned out to be funded and staffed by Scientologists. But the main reason is that the central issue of what are acceptable levels of governmental secrecy is immensely difficult to put into draft bill form. With the help of the Outer Circle Policy Unit the Labour Party is now sifting the practical intricacies of classification.

Frances Morrell, Tony Benn's adviser, is adamant that the Labour Party should themselves devise something in statutory form and not let the denizens of Whitehall get their hands on something that, if successful, cannot be in their interest. The only disagreement on the Left for the moment is whether to persuade the Government to drop the long delayed White Paper. One school is is arguing that the White Paper will look politically untenable in the context of the ABC and *Leveller* trials, and legally irrelevant if all it contains is a fairly technical and exceedingly limited discussion of the Franks categories of Section 2.

The other school says it is best to have some document, even a slightly reactionary one, from which to launch discussions. But whichever course is adopted by the Left, the fact is that the Civil Service is winning the present round hands down.

Alexander Cockburn

The Second Election of Jimmy Carter

A poll published at the start of this week claimed that Americans would even now elect Jimmy Carter over Jerry Ford. This is, more than anything else, revelatory of the extraordinarily low esteem in which the former president is still held. For Carter himself, some fifteen months after his inauguration, seems to be accorded about the same ration of respect as one of the more obscure prime ministers in the French Fourth Republic.

These things go in waves – though the present trough must seem to the besieged denizens of the White House to be of positively Kondratieff-like duration. 'Dumping on Carter' may be a passing national enthusiasm, like jogging or frozen yoghurt. But in the short term the President cannot be deriving much pleasure from his reviews. 'The White House Virus' was the headline over one piece in the Wall Street Journal last week. 'A White House adrift?' ran the title of another piece in the same paper three days later. Over on the liberal end of the spectrum the *New York Review of Books* this week flags two articles on the presidency with the generic banner 'The Carter Collapse'.

'Collapse' seems awfully strong. The nation is not at war. The president is not being impeached. There are no riots. The stock market even went up last week. What has happened?

Some of the abandoned animus against poor Carter seems to be derived from a rather carefree sense of lese-majesté. Americans, particularly journalists, love talking about the 'awesome loneliness' of the presidential function, and the prodigious power of the President himself. Such hyperbole rose to a crescendo when Presidents Nixon and Johnson were raining bombs on South-East Asia and undermining the constitution. Johnson and Nixon were also authentically scary characters with scar-tissue on their hardened hands. There was an effort, in Carter's early days, to make him scary too. Intimates reported the chill steeliness of his gaze when he admonished them for acts of negligence or inefficiency. 'Chill', 'demanding' and 'remote' were the expressions used to characterise his style of leadership.

It simply will not wash anymore. Carter must be one of the most tolerant taskmasters ever to inhabit the Oval Office. Though his staff has often proved monstrously incompetent, he has not yet managed to bring himself to fire a single soul except Bert Lance – when Jimmy waved adieu with tears in his eyes.

Recently, amid the crescendo of criticism, Carter summoned his cabinet and senior aides to Camp David for a heart-to-heart.

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It was touted as a no-holds-barred encounter session, with the President fiercely welding his warring minions into a loyal cadre. In the event almost nothing appears to have happened and Carter further eroded his reputation for ruthlessness by declaring that he hoped he would have the same cabinet when he completed his first term.

Confronted with this evident absence of megalomania pundits who, in the days of Nixon, bewailed the distension of executive power have now swung 180 degrees and denounce the feebleness of the chief executive himself.

One of the problems is that these days American presidents have to be elected twice. The first election is the one that occurs every four years, when the people (or fractionally over 50 per cent of those entitled to vote) go to the polls and declare their will. Campaigns to bamboozle all of the people all of the time (necessary since a wide coalition of mutually antipathetic voters has to be forged) produce an inhabitant of the Oval Office, at which point the real election starts, in which the 'special interests' – congress, business, labour, etc – decide what they think of the incumbent and what they can get out of him.

The second election of Jimmy Carter has proved to be an extraordinarily protracted affair, in which – in contrast to his brilliant campaign of 1976 – Carter has managed to please almost no one. This is not necessarily evidence that he is a bad president. No long-term fan of Carter myself, I say this after contemplation of what his critics presently regard as heinous acts of misjudgement, and after contemplation of the critics themselves.

Bulking large is the affair of the neutron bomb. Last weekend Zbigniew Brzezinski, Carter's adviser on national security, apparently confided to the international tycoons assembled at a Bilderberg folk moot in Princeton that he could not explain or justify the president's hostility to the device. When the *New York Times* carefully leaked the news of Carter's intended cancellation of the neutron bomb a couple of weeks ago the clamour was tremendous. It was reported that of all the senior officials in the administration only Andrew Young agreed with Carter on this matter. All the major newspapers declared editorially the neutron bomb was vital to world peace and international understanding. There were answering bellows of agreement from congress. Finally Carter gave ground and merely put the bomb on hold, rather than killing it off.

The fact that Carter appears to be attempting to live up to his promise to reduce, rather than increase the nuclear arsenal does not appear *per se* to be evidence of knock-kneed incompetence and cowardice in the face of the bolshevik hordes on the East German frontier. His sin was to offend the military spenders in congress, their sponsors in the defence industry and their allies in the press.

Then there is the matter of Africa. Once again Carter was charged with treasonable indolence for not – à la Kissinger – dispatching adequate material and even men to the aid of the Somalis. There arose the cry from critics still hot-eyed from denunciation of the Imperial Kissinger that Carter ought to establish 'linkage' between the future of the SALT talks and Russian restraint in the Horn. Further south the American reluctance to be swept into enthusiastic ratification of the Smith deal in Rhodesia promoted further uproar, with the implication – promoted by lobbyists from American mining companies – that Andrew Young would only be truly satisfied when he could charge across the frontier between Rhodesia and Mozambique in guerrilla uniform with a rifle in his hand.

Once again we do not appear to be dealing with incompetence here, but rather something as simple as a departure from the policies of the previous administration.

On the domestic front the most dissatisfied of Carter's constituencies is that sector chastely described as 'the business community'. The mystique here is that elusive quality known as 'business confidence', only fully secure with the abolition of all corporate taxes and all legal impediments to the untrammelled pursuit of profit. Now Carter is no foe of capitalism, though occasionally pleased to mime the manners of a populist. But he cannot match, in the eyes of businessmen, the loyalty of Nixon or Ford.

Thus, with the Oval Office slightly less sympathetic, these businessmen have turned to congress in lobbying drives of an intensity and indeed skill not seen for a decade. They are aided by the progressive weakening of the Democratic Party leadership in Congress, which cannot deliver for the president in the manner of the Johnson era. Almost every congressman is a maverick now, pleasing loyal constituents with a battery of computerised services – thus winning their votes: and voting the business plank – thus getting the campaign funds. Short of battering them with a club there is just no feasible way that Carter can influence the denizens on Capitol Hill.

There are other sectors of his electorate that Carter has evidently failed to please. It is scarcely necessary to cite the Jewish lobby, embarrassed by Begin but more fearful by far of the intentions of the White House, minimally creditable though they actually are.

There are less touted areas of credit for the administration. Bob Bergland, the Secretary of Agriculture, is probably the least villainous such officer in the entire postwar period. The Secretary of the Interior, Cecil Andrus, is virtually unique in that post for his disinclination to lease public lands for commercial exploitation at 20 cents an acre. Even the Justice Department, amid some acts of roguery, has bestirred itself to indict Patrick Grey, a former director of the FBI.

Amid such signs of a modestly reasonable performance, apart from a shamefully feeble plan for the cities and their unemployed residents, Carter plunges in the polls, ponders the discordant advice of his economic advisers and tractates wearily with the intractable. Speed-reading memoranda on inflation in the early morning he must ponder the thought that getting into the White House is child's play. It's getting properly elected that counts.

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Liberty in Europe : Czechoslovakia

Social Democracy Re-surfaces

Two weeks ago, on the 100th anniversary of the foundation of the Czech Social Democratic Party, twenty-three members of the dissident 'Charter 1977' group released a statement, entitled 'A Hundred Years of Czech Socialism'. It is reprinted below. A few days later the police took reprisals against several of them, notably Jiri Muller, Rudolf Battek, Jaroslav Kernik, Promysl Janyr and Jan Tesar. Their flats were searched, and they were detained and interrogated for many hours, some more than once. According to reports reaching the West, this latest round of police measures is being conducted with more than usual thoroughness.

In spite of its careful wording, the statement is unique in several respects. It refutes the claim, so frequently uttered in public, that socialism is the monopoly of the Communist Party. It shows not only that the present regime suppresses many basic socialist ideas, but that these ideas were formulated long before the Communist Party was created.

The statement offers an interesting comparison with another, lengthier, statement entitled 'Ten Years Since the Prague Spring', that was released early in April to mark the tenth anniversary of the April 1968 Action Programme outlining the reforms of the Dubcek-led Communist Party. It was signed by 30 of the 40 Communist intellectuals who compiled the Action Programme. These men, frequently referred to as 'Prague Eurocommunists' compare the present economic and political problems of Czechoslovak society with those which forced the Communist Party to adopt the reform programme in 1968.

Until now this group of purged Communist politicians – which include a number of former cabinet ministers – has been the only known cohesive political grouping within the Charter 77 human rights movement. The signatories of 'A Hundred Years of Czech Socialism' represent the emergence of a new political grouping within Charter 77, one which is not linked with the Communist reformers. Its signatories, like Charter 77 itself, constitute a political unity of Christians, socialists and Communists. Unlike official Charter documents, their statement reflects an attempt to formulate, however cautiously and vaguely, a socialist political platform.

It is significant that there are several Communists among the signatories. They are among the minority who openly rejected the compromises and concessions made to the USSR by Dubcek and his supporters in autumn 1968. There are also workers, academics, housewives and former Party officials – the categories are not exclusive.

The text, which is signed also by two official Charter spokesmen, will inevitably lead to a further political crystallisation within the Charter movement. However, neither this nor the recent resignation of Professor Jiri Hajek, former Foreign Minister, from the post of official Charter spokesman will cause a split – as some Western journalists anticipated – because the thousand-odd Chartists are still united by their aim to uphold civil and human rights and the observance of the law.

Charter 77 cannot become a political organisation with a political programme. This, of course, does not preclude the formation of political groupings among the human rights activists. It is interesting to note, therefore, that despite blatant repression, the political development among Czechoslovak dissidents is beginning to resemble, in some respects, the situation in Poland.

Jan Kavan

Documents (below, in full, and referred to, right) from Palach Press, London.

The significance of a secret trial

It is proved, in the name of the Republic that the defendant Machacek was introduced to persons holding incorrect attitudes towards the party. Like the defendant Lastuvka, he has not distanced himself from such persons. He has spoken of our society as being 'imperfect'. According to witnesses from the state planning office at Usti nad Laben, he frequently spoke to female workers in ways which were not political. (The witness Sokolova has described him as a 'witty and cheerful person'.) In the case of the duplicating machine seized by the security forces, it cannot be shown that it was used to any subversive purpose. But it was in working order, and capable of duplicating material without proper permission. . . .

Plain description of Czechoslovakia's latest repressive techniques conveys, inescapably, an air of grotesque parody. This is certainly one of the reasons why the trial last autumn of the agronomist Ales Machacek and the nuclear physicist Vladimir Lastuvka (pictured above) was conducted under intense secrecy before an obscure regional court which was ringed with armed guards. There was no announcement that the two men had received three-and-a-half

A Hundred Years of Socialism

The ideas of socialism were first given form in the Czech Lands on 7 April 1878 when the Czech Social Democratic Party was founded at a congress held at Brevnov. The conditions were thus created for an institutionalised political struggle for basic workers' and civil rights. The first programme of the socialist and workers' movement was drawn up.

These are generally known facts but we should like to point out that Czechoslovak socialists and democrats are still in debt as far as these century-old demands are concerned. Many of the programme's aims were achieved and indeed surpassed long ago. Nevertheless, some are still outstanding. We regard it as our task to see that they are accomplished.

The Brevnov programme states that 'in our present society the means of production . . . are the monopoly of one class'. As this has led to the dependence of 'the working people and is the cause of misery and enslavement', the authors demand that 'the means of production should be used for the common good', and that there should be 'a just distribution of the fruits of labour' and 'abolition of class domination'.

It is true that the major part of the means of production have been nationalised (initiated by a presidential decree on nationalisation of 28 October 1945), but it is doubtful whether the fruits of labour are always used for the common good and whether the present system of remuneration is just.

The programme demands 'equal rights for all citizens over 20 to elect representatives to the provincial and central parliaments and to local government'. Universal and equal rights to elect representatives to parliament were legalised already in 1907, as a result of the efforts of workers' parties and other democratic bodies. This principle was applied to local elections for the first time in 1919, that is directly after the foundation of the Czechoslovak Republic. But the pioneers of our workers' movement certainly did not envisage an electoral system in which the citizen may vote for one candidate only, as is the case today.

A further demand was for 'complete freedom of the press, association and assembly and of coalition'. The workers largely achieved these freedoms. But what remains of them today? How many journals and organisations (political and non-political) were abolished after 1948? And how many after 1968? In 1977 numbers of citizens were variously persecuted in connection with the Charter 77 petition which deals only with the necessity to observe the laws passed by our highest legislative bodies.

The early socialist programme demands 'independence of the judiciary', 'election of judges by popular vote', the introduction of 'free legal proceedings and free legal aid for all' and 'abolition of capital punishment'. The monster trials of the Fifties proved that our system in no way guarantees independence of the judiciary; and doubts have been cast in Czechoslovakia and abroad about the justification and justice of the political trials of the Seventies. Legal proceedings are not free today; neither is legal aid. As for capital punishment, our supreme legislative bodies and mass media have not even initiated a discussion on this topic.

The programme also demands 'elimination of all social and political inequalities', referring to the working class struggle as a struggle for 'equal rights and equal duties'. The present practice deviates from these moral and political

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year sentences under Article 98, Section 1 of the criminal code (which deals with 'subversive activity . . . motivated towards the established socialist state and society'). A copy of the court's verdict has now reached London: a 10,000-word document, written in confused and ungrammatical Czech, which suggests that suppression of political dissent is moving into a new phase as the crisis of Dr Husak's government deepens.

In the case of Machacek and Lastuvka, no confessions were obtained, and scarcely any overt acts were demonstrated. Their 'serious criminal activity', which 'directly threatened the social and political system' consisted – in so far as the judges made themselves clear – of the ownership of a few books and periodicals, which were lent round among a small circle; the holding, though without formal public expression, of critical views about politics; and personal actions such as Lastuvka's attempt to resign from the Communist Party.

The circumstances make it reasonably clear that the security forces wanted to get the two young men out of the way as quietly as possible without any of the inconsistencies and absurdities of the process becoming apparent. Why should two technologists from an unglamorous industrial town merit such treatment?

It is the political geography of their 'offences' which is significant. Usti nad Laben is a centre of chemical processing in northern Bohemia (it is said to have one of the highest pollution-rates in Europe). Lastuvka, working at the Ferox plant, and Machacek, in the state planning office, were in direct contact with industrial workers, and indeed were members of industrial unions themselves.

Ever since Prague Spring and its repression, the government has argued that each resurgence of dissent has been the work of intellectual misfits and disappointed politicians, confined exclusively to the metropolis.

Until two or three years ago, the government was reasonably successful at buying-off working-class unrest with promises of material benefit. But now the troubles of the Czech economy, aggravated by the bureaucratic mismanagement and outright corruption, are draining much of the value from this strategy. Shortages, especially outside Prague, are endemic, and Dr Husak is now being pressed to approve a simultaneous 100 per cent rise in both prices and wages, which would halve the value of savings held by the population. In such a situation, the security forces can be expected to react violently to the slightest hint of industrial areas being infected with delinquent thoughts.

Certainly the Machacek-Lastuvka trial shows an obsession with results, rather than due form. Although headed with the names of a judge and four magistrates, it carries only one, illegible, signature, and the language scarcely resembles that of a professional lawyer.

Vladimir Lastuvka, who is 35, and Ales Machacek, who is 32, were both arrested in January 1977. Machacek, although a boyhood friend of the exiled student leader Jan Kavan, was not involved in the Prague Spring: he is an easy-going extrovert whose political interests were largely contained within trade-unionism. Lastuvka was involved in radical politics as a student, but was in the army for most of the critical year of 1968.

Neither, therefore, had much overt record to attack. Lastuvka at least had kept notes and diaries from 1968, which enabled the court to express shock at his attitude to 'the entry of the allied armies into Czechoslovakia . . . which he evaluated as an occupation.'

Even in Czechoslovakia today, the mere *reading* of a number of books like *The Gulag Archipelago* and *Can the Soviet Union Survive Till 1984?* could not be penalised with heavy jail sentences.

But the wording of Article 98 of the criminal code is such that almost anything may be regarded as 'subversion' if motivated by 'hostility to socialism'. The court's recourse therefore was an exercise in smear and character-assassination.

The defendant Lastuvka had borrowed a copy of the West German paper *Die Zeit*, giving the excuse that he wished to improve his German, when 'there are quite sufficient books and periodicals from the German Democratic Republic.' Lastukva was reported to have said that he favoured 'a socialism "in which everyone can do what they want". This amounts to the propagation of anarchist views.' Both defendants are accused of having been 'good friends' with former political prisoners. Machacek was 'not interested in speaking to these fellow-workers about political questions, except in a characteristic mocking style while he had other relations with the women . . .'

In 10,000 words, there are only two clearly political acts recorded. Lastuvka attempted to leave the Communist Party after Dubcek's fall in 1969 (resignation is not permitted, and he was expelled). Machacek is recorded as having attended a union meeting at which he declined to vote in condemnation of the Charter movement. Both actions are entirely legal under the law of Czechoslovakia.

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principles. Citizens are persecuted for their convictions, in some cases many years after expressing them. Charter 77 has a large quantity of documentary evidence on this subject. The principles of equality and justice have been largely abandoned in the practice of filling top positions in all sections of economic and social life mainly with members of the Communist Party. This means that the criteria for appointing persons to responsible posts are often not expert knowledge, ability and moral qualities but compliance, lack of scruples and string-pulling. Today many workers do not regard the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia as a workers' party but as a party of 'overlords'.

The signatories of this statement declare their allegiance to the traditions of our early workers' and socialist movement. The Communist Party, the ruling party in our country, also claims to support them. The present regime however does not honour many of the principles formulated by the pioneers of this movement.

As socialists and democrats, we feel our personal responsibility for the implementation of these principles.

7 April 1978 Brno and Prague

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Steven Lukes: Making a Liberal Democracy Attack Its Own Values

Most of us would label West Germany's political system a liberal democracy. It is no part of my argument to dispute this classification: indeed, it is my starting premise. It is the next step that causes all the trouble. For to raise the question of the extent to which liberal democratic forms are being officially subverted in centrally important areas of West German life, is to touch a very raw nerve indeed. Facing it requires serious examination of the extent to which the transplanted post-war Germany polity has taken root in, and in turn modified, its social, institutional and cultural setting. Moreover, a positive answer is what all the perceived enemies of West Germany are eager to hear, including the Soviet bloc and its internal ally the German Communist Party (DKP) and all those who, overtly or covertly, still nurse anti-German prejudices.

Not to face it, however, can only make a deteriorating situation worse. All of which accounts both for the official unpopularity and the timeliness of the recent Russell Tribunal on the state of human rights in the German Federal Republic, whose first session focused on the subject of *Berufsverbot* – the practice of excluding applicants for public service posts on political grounds.

According to *The Times* (April 5) 'the vast majority of West Germans are not worried' about *Berufsverbot*. If that is true, and it may well be, the situation is all the more serious. But many West Germans certainly *are* deeply worried. There are all those, mostly young, who supported the Tribunal and came in their thousands to meetings in its support in many West German cities, paying ten marks each but mostly not daring to sign their names, for he who opposes *Berufsverbot* is liable to *Berufsverbot*.

On one plausible estimate, over one million West Germans have been politically investigated and about 2,000 persons have been affected by *Berufsverbot* during the last seven years. The practice applies to posts in the public service, which in West Germany covers not only Federal, *Land* and regional administration, but also schools and universities, railways and postal services, the judicial system, hospitals and welfare agencies, public libraries, and so on.

Most cases concern employment by the *Länder*, whose practices differ markedly, depending on their party complexion, Bavaria and Baden-Würtenburg being the worst. Cases of dismissal on political grounds are increasing, alongside non-employment.

The subjects become taboo to other employers, even private ones. The Trade Unions, implementing their 'incompatibility decree', reinforce it, excluding political undesirables and depriving them of legal and financial aid when they in turn are subject to *Berufsverbot*.

The legal basis of *Berufsverbot* is to be found in the regulations governing the public service, above all the special status of *Beamte* – that prestigious caste of lifetime officials who have played such a dominant role in German public life. The *Beamte* include not only higher civil servants, but teachers and postmen: indeed, as Ralf Dahrendorf has said, 'there is hardly an institutional order in which there are no *Beamte*'. Traditionally, they have always seen themselves as servants not of the public but of the State. It is no surprise, then, that up to now, aspiring *Beamte* (*Referendare*) have been the main victims of *Berufsverbot*. The *Beamten* laws state that the *Beamter* owes a special loyalty (*Treuepflicht*) to the State and constitution, while corresponding regulations have been enacted for white- and blue-collar public servants. In the 1950s the following amendment was added to the Federal and *Länder* regulations:

> Only he who guarantees that he will act at all times according to the free democratic basic order as intended in the constitution may become a *Beamter*.

The historical background to this provision is clear enough. By January 1933 there were, out of some 1.4 million *Beamte*, 57,000 members of the National Socialist Party and a further 120,000 who were members in all but form. The point of the new provision was to protect the public service of a liberal democracy from the right-wing *Sozialistische Reichspartei* (SRP) and the Communist Party (KPD), banned in 1952 and 1956 respectively. Both were seen as incompatible with a liberal, pluralist society. However, little use was made of these regulations. Indeed, former Nazis were re-employed, as a matter of policy.

The decisive change came in 1972 with the 'Decree against Radicals' issued by Willy Brandt as Federal Chancellor and the Prime Ministers of the *Länder*. This document ratified 'a set of principles concerning the membership of civil servants in extremist organisations':

> The membership of civil servants in parties or organisations which oppose the constitutional order – as well as any other sort of support for such parties and organisations – will lead as a rule to a conflict of loyalties.

'Well-founded doubts' that the applicant 'guarantees to engage himself at all times for the free democratic basic order according to the constitution' justifies, as a rule, non-appointment. This was a public declaration without force of law, but it quickly acquired the status of a set of official guidelines for bureaucrats in assessing the loyalty of applicants for the many branches and levels of the public service. In essence, it was a reaction to the militancy of the late Sixties with its promise of a 'long march through the institutions' and its partial successes and undoubted excesses in various spheres, notably education. It was intended to apply to the DKP and the (mainly maoist) 'K-groups'. *Berufsverbot* has in practice been applied almost exclusively to radicals of the left. By contrast, a recent decision of the Mannheim administrative court did not find the extreme right-wing NDP 'hostile to the constitution'.

It was, in fact, a gross overreaction, since regretted by Brandt among others, but it has had ramifying and uncontrolled consequences. A series of court decisions, culminating in the Federal Constitutional Court's of May 1975, have (despite certain contrary tendencies) broadly sanctioned ever more discretion to bureaucrats in deciding which applicants are 'loyal'. For instance, the Constitutional Court allowed for a character assessment containing 'a prognosis based upon a plurality of factors varying from case to case' in which a highly significant factor could be 'joining or belonging to a political party whether or not it has been declared unconstitutional'.

The result of this expanding discretion has been that loyalty, or rather the absence of disloyalty, has become harder and harder

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to prove. Thus, the distinction between loyalty to constitutional principles, loyalty to the State and loyalty to those who administer the State is fast disappearing.

The applicant typically applies to the relevant government agency for a post, often one essential to the completion of his training. The authorities immediately send a request for political information to the local *Verfassungsschutz*, or Domestic Intelligence Service. It collects data on all those deemed politically suspect and issues annual reports listing subversive organisations.

If political objections are raised against the applicant, he is summoned to a hearing. This is an interrogation behind closed doors, at which he is subjected to intimidatory questioning about his political past and current opinions. This can be a nightmare from which there is no honest escape. The suspect is assumed guilty of hostility to the constitution unless he can prove otherwise. Attempts to explain complex political matters are met with demands to answer 'yes' or 'no'. Refusal to answer is taken as an admission of guilt. What is demanded is recantation and a recital of official views.

Those subject to *Berufsverbot* are informed that they cannot 'guarantee to act at all times in accordance with the free democratic basic order' and are 'hostile to the constitution'. Such a ruling is typically based on information to which the applicant has no, or very partial, access. Often it refers to actions long past (eg student activities concerning Vietnam or Chile), or to associations and opinions imputed (sometimes falsely) to him. Increasingly, the suspicion of future disloyalty is enough.

He can file a suit against the decision and even, in rare cases, obtain a preliminary injunction. About 20-30 per cent of *Berufsverbot* are reversed by the courts. Appeals may be made against negative verdicts, but the higher up the system the applicant goes, the less likely he is to win, and, even if he does eventually win after lengthy procedures, the authorities may have filled or abolished the post.

He has meagre recourse against an adverse decision. To publicise his own case is to commit the newly-created offence of taking 'undue refuge in the public'; nor are public servants permitted to come out in defence of a present or future colleague.

Maria Leiterer of Augsburg is denied a teaching position because of her student participation in the 'Democratic Front' (a coalition of student groups aiming at better study conditions) and her participation in the Augsburg Action Committee against *Berufsverbot*, on the argument that she had not sufficiently dissociated herself from communist groups.

Cornelia Stoll of Tübingen similarly cannot work as a teacher and works instead in a bookshop because she was a member of the German Peace Association/War Resisters' Alliance which the Bavarian *Verfassungsschutz* and authorities see as communist. At Frau Stoll's hearings, she was questioned about her attitudes to communism and East Germany, to 'colonial liberation movements' (described as 'vocabulary coming from the East') and *Berufsverbot*. She has waited one year for a decision. Dr. Lefèvre of Berlin is denied a post as a research assistant because of his early and since-disavowed student affiliations. He is supported by the University of Berlin, but the Higher Administrative Court decides that, despite the specific protection of the constitution (Article 5 para 3), science cannot be free of restrictions where 'scientific findings are to be transformed into political reality'.

Lawyers are denied admission to the bar because of their sympathies or because of statements, like those of Dr Heinz Düx, made in court on behalf of their clients. Norbert Braütigam of Hannover is expelled from his union and then his job as a trainee physician solely because he was alleged to belong to a left-wing party said to be hostile to the constitution, though he consistently denied this and no supporting evidence was ever produced. Franz-Josef Grünen of Mainz was also dismissed from both his union and his job, as a refrigerator technician in a hospital, on the grounds that his support of the maoist KPD's aims threatened his employer, the State, with liquidation. And Martina Wikowski of Berlin lost her job as a nurse, against the wishes of her superiors and colleagues, because she stood as a candidate for the Berlin State Parliament for the (legal) KPD and distributed leaflets in front of the hospital. The Labour Court overturned this dismissal, but the *Land* of Berlin has appealed to a higher court and, on the evidence of other appeals, she will eventually lose.

Many of the worst cases of *Berufsverbot* concern members of the Moscow-oriented DKP. It is, perhaps, one of the more ironic and revealing aspects of the present situation in West Germany that this party, anxious to co-operate with the State and operate within the Trade Unions, joined the main official parties in refusing to co-operate with the Russell Tribunal.

Some recent cases have reached a pitch of dottiness that almost gives ground for hope. Two cases from Bavaria concern SPD members. Charlotte Niess was denied appointment as a judge on probation in Bavaria because she was a member of the 'Association of Democratic Lawyers' which the court claimed to be DKP-influenced, thus proving her, whatever her own views, to be 'hostile to the constitution'. Most recently, Edgar Vogel has been denied a job as a grammar school teacher because he belonged to the Socialist University Federation which campaigned for the SPD, using the phrase 'class society' which was held to be 'hostile to the constitution'. Hopefully these cases will encourage the SPD leadership to take its disavowals of the system it introduced seriously. To do so would mean realising that it is not merely an administrative system wildly out of control – which would be bad enough. It is also a system broadly sanctioned by the courts in the name of the rule of law.

West Germany remains, however, a liberal democracy. Anyone who doubts this has only to read the article in this issue on Czechoslovakia, where *Berufsverbot* is not merely routinely and, universally practised, but, in its context, a relatively minor evil in the scale of human rights violations. But, it will be asked, must liberal democracy not defend itself against its enemies? According to German constitutional doctrine, the Federal Republic is a 'militant democracy' that must defend its constitutive value system – the ill-defined 'free democratic basic order' – against those who would subvert it. It is a doctrine which can justify defensive State action, even before any law has been broken, on the grounds that a citizen's activities and associations necessarily commit him to such subversive aims.

But, unless interpreted very narrowly, it is itself a subversive doctrine. Any special loyalty requirements and restrictions on the exercise of rights must be strictly defined in relation to specific posts and specific dangers: a senior civil servant in the Ministry of Defence is not in this respect, comparable to a schoolteacher or a refrigerator technician. It has been argued that West Germany is a special case: a front-line state, vulnerable to subversion from the East, not to mention the ravages of terrorism. Yet neither national security nor terrorism can explain the origins or justify the scale and incidence of *Berufsverbot*.

The fact is that West Germany's liberal democracy is in danger of subverting itself through the needless destruction of careers and the alienation of those thus outcast (all the easier but all the more serious at times of high unemployment), through the stifling of critical thinking and the spreading of conformism through fear. Of course, any liberal democracy must protect itself against its enemies. But to do so it must correctly perceive who its enemies are.

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London Diary

☐ It's only a year till the European elections, now definitely timed for 7 June 1979, and the Royal Assent to the Bill is expected next month; but it's still very uncertain whether the 81 Euro-members will be people seriously concerned about Europe – whether for or against – or just old party hacks.

A number of prominent Labour Europeans, in and out of parliament, are hoping to stand: they include Michael Barnes, the former MP with a long interest in the Common Market; Ernest Wistrich of the European Movement; Keith Kyle of Chatham House; Dick Leonard of the *Economist*; MPs including Colin Phipps, Andrew Faulds, Sir Geoffrey de Freitas; and peers including Lord Kennet and Lord Murray.

But there's a danger that the high salary likely for European MPs – perhaps as much as £20,000 a year – will attract very local politicians with no serious interest in the continent. The Labour selection system will probably allow each Westminster constituency to nominate three members to the Euro-constituency (made up of seven or eight Westminster ones); and the eventual selection will be made by a conference of about 140 members. With the political wind blowing against the Common Market, it may be difficult for 'European' candidates to get through this local screening.

But even in terms of simple self-interest, it would be tragic if the constituencies select people who do not know their way around Strasbourg and Brussels. To be effectively critical of the Common Market requires a good deal of knowledge about its workings; and an increasing number of British issues, including energy, consumer protection and the environment, can only be sensibly discussed in the European context. With the right kind of candidates, the Euro-election could well provide a more realistic debate than the general election – which may end up being quite close to the same date.

☐ One of the strongest arguments for having effective Euro-members is the need to control the expansion of the European bureaucracy – which is worrying even loyal Common Marketeers. The Commission in Brussels seems now determined to set up its own ambassadors or 'representatives' wherever there are major trading agreements; and they want to have offices all across North Africa, as well as in Lebanon and Israel. The British Foreign Office, having defended its own representation to the hilt, is now trying to frustrate these rival diplomats, but without much hope of success; and there is always pressure from Brussels to find jobs for old boys. The prospect of European ambassadors, working at loggerheads with national ambassadors, presents a new dimension of bureaucracy which the European Parliament will need all possible expertise to keep in check.

☐ Reading Graham Greene's new thriller about South Africa, *The Human Factor*, I was intrigued by one element in the plot: a secret White House plan called Uncle Remus, by which the Americans and British promise to provide the South Africans with crucial intelligence information. The British intelligence chief, 'C', reluctantly goes along with it: 'It's what the politicians call a realistic policy, and realism never got anyone very far in the kind of Africa I used to know.'

How far does Uncle Remus correspond to a real-life intelligence agreement with the South Africans? The name has an obvious resemblance to the notorious 'Tar-Baby' plan, put forward by Kissinger and Nixon to provide support for South Africa, and now supposedly abandoned. But there is reason to suppose that Washington, at least, is still supplying both critical intelligence to Pretoria, and also enabling sophisticated arms to get through the embargo. When Vance and Owen saw the South African Foreign Minister, Pik Botha, two weeks ago, I gather he was quite unusually helpful and cooperative about both Rhodesia and Namibia; but this kind of amity always raises suspicions about the quid-pro-quo: are Uncle Remus and Tar-Baby still quietly at work?

☐ It's interesting that spy-thrillers should become so immensely popular just when the kind of spys they depict are becoming increasingly out of date; perhaps it's part of a general law by which the public only becomes interested in subjects – whether British power, country house life or cockney slang – just when they are rapidly declining. In the spy world the CIA in America has long ago been eclipsed in importance and cost by the National Security Agency which conducts electronic serveillance; and the same can be assumed to be true all over Western Europe. The numbers of fictional spys in MI6 or the CIA must now far exceed the numbers of real ones how long will we have to wait for a really convincing thriller about a hero of electronic serveillance called – shall we say? – Colonel C.

☐ With the price of books still zooming up, I have found myself looking in the reviews for the record price-per-page. Academic books, of course, take the prize: last week's record was *The International Monetary Tangle*, with 122 pages at nearly 7p each. But it's sad to see books for the general reader also going through the roof. Anthony Powell's new memoirs provide 209 pages for £6, or nearly 3p a page; while Cecil Beaton's cost nearly 4p.

The old excuse for the high price of a book was that it cost no more than a bottle of whisky, but a hardback book for less than £4 is now rare. Publishers assure me that it's remarkable how high you can put up the price without sales suffering; but at the current price-per-page the real competition will come, not just from whisky, but from the Xerox machine. Even the exorbitant public copy-shops can copy two pages of a book for 6p, and anyone with access to a university or office machine will increasingly be tempted to make his own book.

☐ Since the disaster of the supertanker *Amoco Cadiz* the giant oil companies, I hear, are seriously re-thinking the policy of identifying themselves with their tankers. Amoco itself (which is one of the ten biggest oil companies) is worried that the public fury about the wrecked beaches of Brittany will affect the attitudes to Amoco filling stations; and Exxon (alias Esso), the biggest of them all, are even considering re-naming their huge fleet of supertankers.

The giant multinationals always get into a flurry of indecision about questions involving identity. They like to proclaim their global scope and performance, while at the same time they depict themselves as federations of local companies run by national managers. But to have fleets of supertankers, liable to spill oil on beaches, carrying their own name, is surely carrying corporate vanity dangerously far.

☐ Why cannot the Government get round to banning insurance against kidnapping? Inside Lloyds, I understand there is a growing unease about the implications of this dubious but lucrative line: many syndicates on principle refuse to accept policies for 'ransom cover', but a few make a speciality out of it. Since the Moro kidnapping the premiums have leapt up, and Lloyds are being very secretive.

The justification for insuring against kidnapping is that the money is only paid to reimburse the victims, and does not thus directly finance the kidnappers: the brokers insist that it is no different in principle from insuring against burglars. But the fact that the kidnappers are looking for money, not goods, makes the equation quite different; and once it is known that insurance is widely available, the gangs are clearly encouraged to think that they can extract the money. It is hypocritical for the British to insist that the Italians and others should be tough in holding out against the demands for ransoms, when our own brokers and companies are making the payment of ransoms much easier, and making money out of the crime.

Anthony Sampson

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Their garden has a lawn with a grass bank along the entire width and this year Joe will be busy as usual with his message from Santa. With a flame gun he burns letters four feet high from end to end of the slope, so clear that helicopters, he adds with pride, fly low each year to read: Ho Ho Ho! Santa says Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. Ho Ho Ho! – *Woman and Home* (P. Jenkins)

☐ West Midlands Passenger Transport Executive – see under West Midlands Passenger Transport Executive. – *Birmingham Telephone Directory* (J. Rose)

☐ Mr Michael Brotherton (Con., Louth) has tabled questions in the Commons tomorrow asking Mr Booth, Employment Secretary, about the Ostrich and Fancy Feather and Artificial Flower Wages Council, the Pin, Hook Eye and Snap Fastener Wages Council, and the Corset Wages Council. He wants to know how much they cost the taxpayer. – *Sunday Telegraph* (John O'Sullivan)

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First Person

Arthur Marshall

Meals on Wheels

The thrilling news, flashed to an enthralled public by 'a popular daily', that Lady Falkender had braved the pickets and their placards (No More Upstairs Downstairs) outside Claridge's and had munched her lunch there, managing to conquer what must be her strong political distaste for such privileged places (she had soup and grilled steak, it seems, though salmon, Irish stew and steak-and-kidney pie were all fully obtainable and in the teeth, so to speak, of striking members of the kitchen staff), leads one on to muse on the subject of what, in the far from probable event of an ennoblement arriving for me at 'Myrtlebank', one would choose by way of a title. My fellow residents at Appleton would naturally expect and enjoy something resounding and showy, and why not indeed? It is true that 'Falkender' is a goodish bit more interesting than 'Williams' but baronesses in general don't really do all that well nowadays when offered a free choice of change of name. Dullness has not by any means been always the rule. Ponder for a moment on the melodious syllables of Baroness Gaby von Bagge of Boo, a challenge if ever there was one and a name whose authenticity is fully vouched for in that handy little volume of which I wrote an appreciation a week or so ago and which has happily resulted in correspondents kindly sending in a further supply of delightfully unusual names.

I am by nature both trusting and gullible but even I am not too confident about the nominal bona fides of a gentleman from Co. Wicklow who signs himself (and types out the name too, for both legibility and good measure) Odious M. Spongebubble, apart from the simple fact that it is quite sufficiently unlikely to be true. However, from another and a wholly reliable quarter comes Norah J. Slapcabbage, and a crumpled newspaper cutting to prove it. A South African letter speaks of a Cape Town firm of undertakers cheerily named Human and Pitt, and I am verbally informed that there used to be similar funeral operatives in the Golders Green area called, and such a relief for all concerned, Hurry and Bussell. Initials always give a name a flourish, with I.C. Shivers (incredibly by profession an iceman) and I.P. Frilli of Florence (hobbies unknown). There is a restaurant employee in New York called T. Hee and, living in the same fertile city, Horacine Clutch. And pity the sad fate of a Mrs Friendly Ley of California, whose chummy career came to a brisk end when her husband's revolver which he was cleaning, as any of us would, in the kitchen, went off by mistake.

In addition to the absorbing details of Lady Falkender's luxurious snackette, the popular daily concerned has also been splendidly informative and in the know about British Rail's exciting future plans for providing nourishment awheel. Whatever could they be, one thought, starting to read and with one's memories darting back to the long ago when it was, unbelievably, possible to ask the top-hatted station-master to be so good as to 'telephone ahead' and get them to put on a luncheon basket at Crewe or Darlington. And there, expectantly held aloft on the platform by a smiling (oh yes, they used to) buffet attendant, was a hamper of goodies with a bottle of chilled hock and a cold roast chicken beaming a welcome from among the lettuce and tomatoes. Nor was this just rich man's stuff, half a crown a head being the modest outlay.

And nearer today, I remember travelling by steam train to sunny Bournemouth, entranced at the discovery on the lunch menu of tasteful verbal adornments – 'dawn-fresh melon' it said (a friend swears to have seen 'dawn-gathered grapefruit'), followed by 'chef-carved beef' and 'minted peas' and 'oven-baked rolls' and we finally wound up, I can only suppose, with 'electrically-heated coffee'. Of what then could these BR novelties consist, I asked myself, feverishly reading on? Nothing very much, I'm afraid – 3p off biscuits and 4p off pork pies and 'our most expensive sandwich is only 35p'. I know that one mustn't live in the past but 35p is what used to be seven shillings and so what, pray, is that word 'only' doing?

However, if a laudable cheapness and economy is what they are truly after and aid to the impoverished denied both buffet and restaurant car (the latter currently gilded haunts solely of expense accounts), let me recommend to them an invaluable little booklet dated 1852, now reprinted by Scolar Press at the admirably economical price of 75p and entitled *A Plain Cookery Book for the Working Classes*, the gifted suggestions of none other than Queen Victoria's *maître d'hôtel*, Signor Elmé Francatelli. A thoughtful Introduction sets the tune by urging readers to rush out and procure a potato steamer and 'a mash-tub' and, with references to 'slender means', comforts one and all with the information that peasants all over Europe don't get very much to eat either. And then away we go with the main body of the work, inexpensive recipes that set one salivating on sight and which I do hope British Rail will adopt for the future.

Picture us then all teed up in the restaurant car on the 12.30 from Paddington to Plymouth and, just as we're thundering through West Ealing, a waiter brings us the first delight, a stimulating *apéritif* in the shape of a glass of Toast Water (pour boiling water onto toast, it says, and leave till cool: 'it will then be fit to drink'). After this treat, and with satisfied hiccoughs ringing through the carriage and showers of 'Pardon' to accompany them, we tackle a bowl of sheep's head broth (split head into halves and toss in turnips), after which and with history-soaked Reading just visible through the steamy windows, it's a choice of stewed trotters, fried bullock's heart or baked cod's head, the cod featured in the illustration wearing an outstandingly grumpy and uncooperative expression – a member of some fish union, I dare say. With the sweet course, taken while flying through Pewsey at 90 m.p.h., I have to confess to a disappointment. Prominently listed, I find Brown and Polson Pudding, which I naturally took to be a pudding constructed from the tastier portions – buttocks, thighs, cheeks, – of Messrs Brown and Polson themselves, nestling in a suet crust and covered in their own custard but which turns out to be, rather tamely, a sort of lemon and arrow-root affair of very modest calorie content.

Kind Mr Francatelli does not, I am glad to say, confine himself solely to recipes and then just leave us in the lurch. Aware of the rich and indigestible nature of some of his dishes, he provides handy home remedies for various of the body's discomfitures and I am going to suggest to British Rail that, next to the restaurant car, they should hitch on a special Recovery Coach. Here, stretched out on divans as the train chugs into Westbury, we could sip peppermint cordials (wind), rice water (dysentery), treacle posset (colds), hyssop tea (worms), white wine whey (coughs), rice gruel (loose bowels) and an antispasmodic infusion laced with brandy (spasms). There is even a cure for chilblains. By Exeter, we'll all be as right as rain again.

Roger Woddis

Moment of Truth

Spanish Communists, meeting in a Madrid bullring, have dropped the word 'Leninist' from the official description of the party.

Lenin was our leader,
Now he's been removed,
Gored in the *corrida* –
Moscow disapproved.
But like a bull
That stands in the arena
We remain unmoved.

Lenin's constitution
Matched his suit of lights,
Strong on revolution,
Wrong on human rights,
Until a bull
Who answers to Carrillo
Went and ripped his tights,

Life and a *cornada*
Settled Lenin's fate;
Shrug and say, '*De nada* –
Lenin's out of date.'
Applaud the bull
But spare a thought for Lenin,
Dragged out through the gate.

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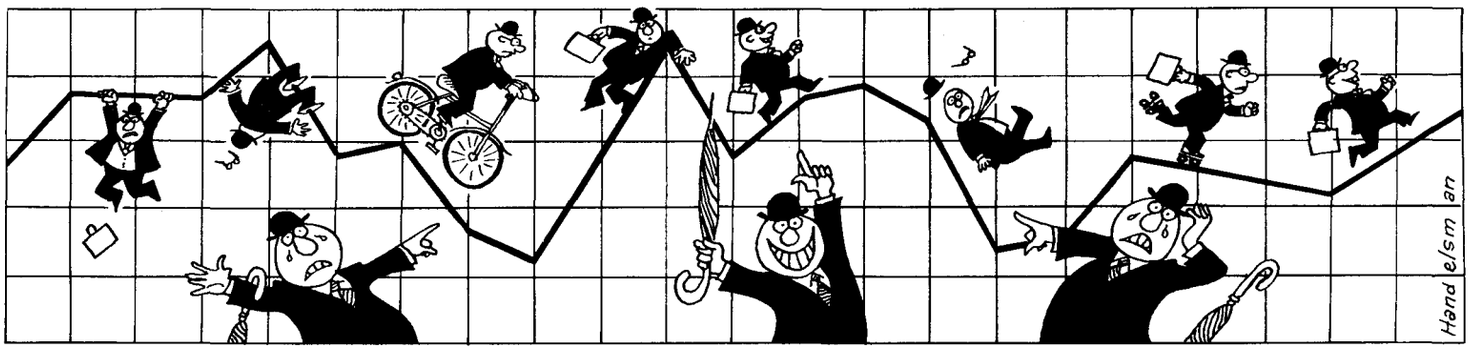

Harry Hopkins

The Salutary Possibilities of Ignorance

Among the salient symptoms of Tourette's Tic Syndrome, a nervous affliction recently spectacularly demonstrated on TV, are said to be *echolalia* – or the repetition, or mimicry of others' words and expressions – *folie pourquoi,* or compulsive inquisition, and *arithmomania,* or obsessive countings and numerical rituals.

The mere recital of these features will at once suggest that this bizarre disorder is not confined to individuals, but is also a social – and indeed *the* social – disease.

The symptoms are all around us. Thus, in the immediate wake of Mr Healey's judicious, much-as-expected, budget the FT Ordinary share index rose seven points; in the following three days it dropped like a stone, causing *The Times* to spread across four columns of its front page the headline SHARE PRICES PLUNGE BY £1,000M. A budget which on Wednesday morning we were informed the City had voted 'not bad' had, by Friday, apparently become for no discernable reason calamitous.

Even 'Lex' of the *Financial Times* cautiously aired the adjective 'hysterical'. But if this was hysteria, it is of a species that has long become a part of our Way of Life – chronic *arithmomania,* or numerical obsession, followed by acute *folie pourquoi* in which hundreds of newspaper column inches were given up to heroically ingenious exercises in rationalising the irrational and conferring on the random self-feeding panic the aura of infinite prescience and wisdom.

'The City' explained *The Times,* 'has many doubts still unresolved' (don't we all!) '. . . among the more fundamental whether the Government's new borrowing requirement was too high or too low.' INVESTORS GIVE HEALEY THE THUMBS DOWN, explained the *Sunday Times* (although in fact most investors were probably scratching their heads in bafflement).

But the aetiology of the disease is complex: only clinical case study can reveal its inner processes. It may be well to begin with the onset of the present bout on 16 February, when the newspapers came out with the January trade figures revealing a large, unexpected deficit. There was a remarkable – symptomatic – similarity in the way they paraded them. Of course it must be clearly understood that a single month's figures might be erratic – indeed quite misleading. Nevertheless . . . nevertheless . . .

NO EXCUSES! chided the *Daily Mail* sternly, adding for good measure: 'Industry looks increasingly groggy. We learned yesterday that industrial production in December was barely changed'. £ – WHAT A GAP! exulted the *Sun.* BRITAIN SLUMPS INTO THE RED, cried the *Sheffield Telegraph.*

When these symptoms are present it will prove quite useless to remind sufferers that it has been demonstrated *ad nauseam* in the 'traumatic' years since the war that such monthly figures may not only be erratic, but quite simply wrong – and in need of repeated revisions. For those in the grip of *arithmomania* – which is almost all of us – words are subjective, numbers objective. They also fit well into precise, punchy headlines. The very decimal point confers authority. You can't argue with an 'indicator' – and in case you try, in our number-wracked society, there's always another coming round the corner.

As ever, the level of anxiety was well sustained. On 17 February – two days after the SHOCK TRADE FIGURES – 'Sterling M3', that splendid feature of our way of life, showed a 2.3 per cent rise over the previous month's rate. *The Times* printed its disconcerting little graph showing it taking off like a jet from the planned trend-line. The *Guardian* ran a 5-column head ALARMING SURGE IN MONEY SUPPLY accompanied by a less prominent note from its financial editor telling people not to be alarmed because it was probably the result of special factors.

At this stage in the development of the bout it is fascinating to note with what completeness and swiftness the features of the familiar landscape are transformed for the subject. It is as if the clouds have been seeded with statistical particles – in this case two proved enough. The weak sun went in and the rain streaked down. The strong pound, so lately hailed as a sign of restored health, was now seen to be a trap, a fatal handicap to exporters; the North Sea oil 'bonanza' suddenly dwindled; the forthcoming budget's eagerly anticipated shot-in-the-arm now appeared to threaten instant anaemia through an inevitable flood of imports.

Uncertainty is a normal feature of the future, a challenge that duly evokes its response. But now the future was uncertain no longer. All positive factors vanished from it. Inflation down to single figures – and still falling? Ah yes, but 'the rapid downturn in the inflation rate has levelled off' (*Daily Telegraph*). The process of 'accentuating the negative' is self-feeding, self-fulfilling. The numbers click together in an impregnable structure of doom – and the FT Index drops 27 points in the stock exchange account.

What could be more conclusive, *factual*? On the FT's front page the squeezed-in graph-line suggests some natural catastrophe, a landslide perhaps. The momentary has become the momentous. 'There is a moment when a bull market turns into a bear market,' explained the city editor of the *Daily Telegraph* on 25 February. 'It seems to have arrived this week . . .'

With the arrival of this stage of the higher – indeed impenetrable – market metaphysics, *echolalia* attains its most potent and resonant phase. For, despite the recent proliferation of 'sophisticated indicators', in the upshot it is still that old pro, the 30-share average which sets the mark of doom upon events in a manner which it is almost impossible for any normal human being to resist. Thus powerfully projected, the message – the tic – moves from the back of the paper to take over the front: it emerges that even the imperturbable Mr Callaghan has been nourishing grave doubts.

For all their relative primitiveness, the FT Ordinary Share Index and the Dow contrive to remain the Deities around which the innumerable other – and vastly more complex – number gods revolve. Their mystique – the mystique of the Market – remains potent and well-sustained. They know what we cannot know – or so the myth goes. They have subsumed all the strands of the past and present – even the thoughts we are hardly yet aware of – and distilled them into a crisp, authoritative number, foretelling the future.

It is true that Charles Dow, the young New York journalist who invented his famous share average in 1884, and thus became the founding father of the agitated way of life, made somewhat more modest claims for it – at least at first. It was, he said, a barometer. But – and this goes to the heart of the social Tic Syndrome – he also conceded that it was a somewhat special sort of barometer. In addition to measuring the climate, it on occasion made it.

'At times,' he wrote, 'it discounts shadows as well as substance'. Under its influence an investor who at one moment 'would hardly dare to get in his winter stock of coal, would, two years later, be quite ready to buy a coalmine.'

Since then, with the prodigious proliferation of economic indicators, forecasters, market chartists, of crisp, authoritative num-

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bers and fateful projections, all resounding from the great electronic echo chamber of our times, the swings from euphoria to despair observed by Charles Dow have become more frequent. Indeed, as this year has shown, there are now occasions when no more than a week separate them.

There is little point in speculating which extreme of mood is more damaging to a society which needs, above all, to sustain a steady, purposeful view of the way ahead. The future, which needs to be *created*, becomes instead a slide down a trend-line of extrapolated abstractions. The tic takes possession.

Is there any hope at all of a cure? The tourettes of individuals may baffle medical science, but those of a society are at least intensified by removable irritations. If the monthly trade figures, as the Treasury carefully cautions, may well be wholly misleading, taken in isolation, why then make a national ceremony of their monthly unveiling?

Ten years ago, the co-author of *British Economic Statistics*, Professor Charles Carter, published a book, *Wealth – an essay on the purposes of economics*, which contained a chapter refreshingly entitled 'Too Many Statistics'. It suggested that 'the general principle should be to reduce all statistical information about the economy to quarterly publication (at most) unless a clear case can be made that more frequent figures will have some meaning' – and he instanced the trade accounts 'where even the most skilled observers find it difficult to interpret the monthly fluctuations.'

A case in point is the January 'shock' trade deficit which set off the Tic Syndrome. It was followed by a £180m. surplus for February – and that by an £164m. deficit for March. A quarterly result would still have shown a deficit but would surely have made possible a more measured view.

In fact, far from stimulating appropriate action, such an excess of number-watching becomes a self-indulgent substitute for it. Portentous fragmented statistics form a well-nigh opaque screen cutting us off from the individual problems of the awkward sweaty world beyond. If not so taken up with the intoxications of *arithmomania, folie pourquoi,* and *echolalia* our financial writers, for instance, might be reduced to venturing out into the industrial backwoods to find out, say, exactly why that famous 'propensity to import' so many perfectly commonplace goods remains so troublesome, so tic-generating.

But in a society where the holy grail for both main political parties is now a statistical figment known as 'the Standard of Living' (personal disposable income per head) the disease is clearly well established, and indeed still invading new areas. LEYLAND CAPTURES 31 PER CENT OF UK MARKET (Joy! Joy!) proclaimed the *Financial Times* on Monday, 12 April. And, just four days later, LEYLAND SALES FALL BACK TO 16 PER CENT (Woe! woe!) – ie for the first ten days of the new month.

Perhaps, after all, as some psychiatrists apparently claim for sufferers from Tourette's Syndrome, when it comes down to it we simply could not bear to be parted from our tics.

Letters to the Editor

Terrorist Motivations

Sir, You have allowed an unsubstantiated statement by Christopher Hitchens in last week's issue of your NEW STATESMAN under the heading Notes on Politics and Power, page 514. The part, to which I take objection reads as follows: 'Stalinist dissenters who disfigure streets and the universities, and who are considered moral supporters of terrorism'. I know of no group which both adheres to the doctrines of Joseph Stalin and advocates acts of terrorism.

I ask that you substantiate your statement, or retract it, giving your answer as equal prominence as was given the original.

RICHARD BARRABALL

43 Holmes Road
Kentish Town
London

Mr Hitchens writes in substantiation of his views elsewhere in this issue of the NS.

Sir, I was interested in your view that '. . . the Baader-Meinhof gang . . . gained much benefit in its early years from the complaisance and sometimes the active support, of Socialist intellectuals' (NS 21 April). Although we are not yet subject to Red Brigade-style terrorism in this country, it would be instructive to know how much the NEW STATESMAN was responsible for a potentially analogous climate of complaisance and support. Can one really argue that the NEW STATESMAN has always combated such notions as the 'latent violence of the State'? When Christopher Hitchens describes some malignant Italian attitudes – 'a surprising number of citizens openly profess their indifference to the fate of a politician they obviously identified with the old ruling elite' (ibid.) – can we really be sure that a surprising proportion of the NS mind is not afflicted by the same malignancy?

Your view that a generally acceptable political settlement in Northern Ireland might lead the terrorists to hang up their guns and return to normal life might be over-optimistic. For what would normal life offer the Provos? The average Provo 'Brigade Commander' or whatever – a 20-year-old with a sub-machine gun – is, by virtue of his homicidal potentialities, a figure of power in the community. Notoriety can provide considerable psychological support. But as soon as peace breaks out, yesterday's terrorist chief becomes just another unqualified, unskilled reject in the dole queue.

You should also remember Yeats's observation. 'Too long a sacrifice can make a stone of the heart'. The desirability or otherwise of the sacrifice is immaterial: the terrorists have developed both a vested interest that peace should not be achieved, and a temperamental inability to live peacefully.

ROBERT MACANDREWS

18 Mayton Street
London N7

Dismantling Merseyside

Sir, Patrick Wintour's Dismantling Merseyside (NS 21 April) made fascinating but extremely disturbing reading. With commendable clarity *his damning indictment tells how things* really are in this political and industrial dust bowl they call Liverpool.

The high mortality rate of medium-sized industries, together with the decline in trade of large-scale organisations, deters new investors to this area, and in consequence this once vigorous city is now viewed by entrepreneurs as a latter day 'South Sea Bubble'.

As Wintour observes there aren't many winners on Merseyside, with the exception of the current success being enjoyed by the city's two football teams. Perhaps a study of local football management philosophy would benefit the provision makers and help them engender an economic credo which would possibly usher in a new wave of prosperity and success.

The seriousness of the situation can be best encompassed by the local vernacular: 'There's nothing down for Liverpool'.

OWEN MCDONOUGH

28 Carkington Road
Woolton
Liverpool

Scottish Bandwagon

Sir, Whether or not the SNP's bandwagon is in 'disrepair' at the present time, Brian Wilson (NS 21 April) jumped off it quite a while ago. At one time he was a valued member of the Argyll SNP.

As a successful journalist (and an unsuccessful Labour candidate) he knows as well as I do it is a pity to spoil a good story with the facts. The facts are that my colleagues and myself in Glasgow District Council did indeed vote against £100,000 to clear up Glasgow's back courts – not just Drumchapel's. Instead we voted for the installation of a computer at Clive House to facilitate house letting, transfers, etc. The Labour Party, i.e. Brian's new colleagues, voted against it.

To describe the SNP as being unused to the vagaries of by-elections is astonishing.

No 46 STEVE BIKO by Hilda Bernstein

STEVE BIKO was the forty-sixth known person to die in security police detention in South Africa. For the first time the inquest revealed the full and horrifying details of how political detainees are treated.

Hilda Bernstein's book illustrates the true nature of the Apartheid State.

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Since my wife won Hamilton in 1967 we have managed to win only one other by-election out of all the many after and before, going right back to 1945.

I think one of the most significant comments on Garscadden was from Jim Sillars, MP. He described it as a tragedy for socialism. I have a feeling Brian will have to make yet another change of party before he comes to accept this verdict.

COUNCILLOR STEWART M. EWING
Glasgow District Council
City Chamber, Glasgow

Mr Wilson, who is now 29, left the SNP when he was 16.

Defending Yuri

Sir, Yasha Katz claimed that Uri Geller (NS 14 April) had psychokinetic powers at a time when it was profitable for him, as Geller's manager, to do so. Having been sacked, he now claims that Uri Geller did it all by conjuring. In other words, Katz is admitting that he has lied. Why should we trust his word, either way?

An argument is not answered, J. S. Mill wrote somewhere, until it is answered at its best. Nobody now takes Professor Taylor's electro-magnetic hypothesis seriously, not even Taylor. But the fact that no explanation has been found does not invalidate the results of the many experiments undertaken in labs all over the world, the results of which have been set out in *The Geller Papers*, edited by Charles Panati, and published by Houghton and Mifflin. And these reports, it should be stressed, represent only a tiny fraction of the evidence which has been coming in from tests on other subjects, which cannot be explained away as conjuring tricks.

BRIAN INGLIS
23 Lambolle Road
London NW3

Confused by the Neutron

Sir, You find us 'confused' on the neutron bomb (NS 14 April). A certain ambivalence is surely in order – what happens when, politics being politics, Europe accepts neither of your neat alternatives: 'higher expenditure on conventional weaponry – or accepting a preponderance of Soviet power in the affairs of Europe'? But your charge of confusion is, I think, misplaced. One can be glad, as our leading article was, that the neutron warhead is not to be deployed in Europe for the moment, while being disturbed at the way the decision was made. You think it worth remarking disapprovingly on 'Carter's capacity for vacillation'. Is European vacillation – which is what we were concerned with – somehow less disturbing?

JOHN BARRY
Sunday Times

Koestlers Science

Sir, As Mr Hamilton (Letters NS 10 March) has personal knowledge of Mr Arthur Koestler, he ought to know what he is talking about when he says that Mr Koestler has not the slightest hostility to the 'scientific method'. He sets out an array of facts to prove his point.

Nevertheless, it is also a fact that, in October 1967, a letter was sent to Mr Koestler, care of his publisher, from this School, pointing out several important mistakes both in the text and diagrams relating to the Ptolemaic theory in *The Sleepwalkers*, which was being used as a reference book for a course on the Copernician Revolution. Not only was that letter not acknowledged, but the latest edition of the book has not been altered. If Mr Hamilton wishes it, I should be happy to send him a copy of the letter, which is too long to be included here; but it will show him, I think, that Mr Koestler was, in this instance, not only unscholarly in checking his facts, but also indifferent to the responsibility of correcting published error.

NESSY ALLEN
Senior Tutor
School of History and Philosophy of Science
University of NSW

Taken Over

Sir, Those wishing to understand why some were repelled by Leavis as a teacher, even if excited by his teachings, need look no further than the first paragraph of D. J. Enright's *encomium* on Leavis in last week's NS. Some pupils, we read, so much resented the force of Leavis's personality that they 'fled'. 'Some, with better minds, were taken over', Enright continued, 'as if by a more potent form of being . . .' In making and broadcasting the assumption that it was the less intelligent who fled, Enright neatly exemplifies the cleaverer-than-thou, if-you-are-not-with-me tone which Leavis so often adopted in his lecturing. Such sentiments come even less well from the disciples than they did from the master.

ADAM HOPKINS
64 Brixton Water Lane
London SW2

Sir, How right, how very right you were to permit your new literary editor to give his dad and his pals only one paragraph each to compose a scavenger's assessment of the late F. R. Leavis.

DR JULIETTA HARVEY
Clare Hall
Cambridge

Ms Pizzey and Literature

Sir, May I wholeheartedly endorse Julian Barnes' views on the embarrassing performance of Erin Pizzey on *Read All About It*? To take his implied argument a stage further, might I suggest to Ronald Harwood and his producer that they were the guilty parties – not the hapless Ms Pizzey. There is no need to pepper the panel with 'personalities'; it is quite sufficient that those taking part should satisfy two criteria: one, that they be professionally involved with literature, and two, that they be personable and articulate. I, for one, don't want to know what Rodney Marsh thinks about the latest crop of paperbacks – and I don't believe the viewing public is quite as gullible and stupid as the BBC imagines.

TIM HOPKINS
69 Edgewood Drive
Luton, Beds.

The Fiction Industry

Sir, Putting aside the thought that Peter Conrad's review of J. A. Sutherland's *Fiction and the Fiction Industry* (NS 14 April) can only have been written for the money. It needs to be answered.

It is possible that if you are not a writer of novels that none of it matters, but if you are, you know that most of what Conrad says is both untrue and spurious. He says that 'a bestseller must be a multinational success'. There are dozens of bestsellers in the USA that don't survive the Atlantic crossing. Or any other crossing. His jibe at the 'pretentious incompetence of English publishers' is not true either. Does he speak from personal experience as a novelist, and has he some facts on which to base the opinion? It sounds remarkably like sour grapes to me.

Mr Conrad sees manipulations and mandarins where none exist. If you write bestsellers nobody tells you what to write, be they publishers, accountants or literary agents. You are already doing what everybody wants. And contrary to Mr Conrad's arguments, it isn't possible to write bestsellers to a formula. If it were there would be more bestsellers. Mr Conrad's opinions are not supported by any facts, and he obviously knows nothing about writing or publishing novels; apart from the fact that he doesn't like the people who write them, who publish them and who, on occasion, turn them into films. So what?

TED ALLBEURY
Cheriton House
Lamberhurst
Kent

Industrial Casualties

Sir, Reviewing 'War on the Mind' (NS 24 March) John Keegan says 'So dreadful is battle that, though leadership and group-loyalty can be invoked to offset man's natural instinct to run away from it, all armies ultimately depend on the naked and brutal principle of coercion'.

True, but not the whole truth, and therefore misleading. One of the qualities that makes it possible for mass armies to fight each other is docility. I think Koestler recently made this point in The *Observer* but I have only on another occasion seen it made, or rather, implied. Robert Graves says somewhere, speaking of the Arabs' unashamed refusal to stand up to shellfire in their revolt against the Turks in World War I, that the ability of armies to take heavy casualties is directly proportional to the degree of industrialisation of the countries involved. I don't know how much truth there is in his diction, but obviously there is some. He seems to be implying the point I've made, but curiously doesn't (in my recollection) go on to say that industrialization produces sheep.

In speaking of docility, I am thinking not only of men who would normally be called docile, but also of fighting brigadiers and commando colonels. So many men meekly accept certain values concerning war, the chief, I think, being that fighting equals virility. And, of course, that virility, in its popular sense, is one of the highest virtues men can possess.

MONTY ROCKOVITCH
338 High Road
Leytonstone

Single Mothers

Sir, We have a working party to study current problems and attitudes faced by single mothers.

One topic is the position of single mothers in higher education. We are interested in those unmarried students who became pregnant during a course of study as well as those who already have a child or children when they apply for a course.

We would be most interested in receiving information based on the experience of individuals who were or became single mothers when studying for a degree *within the last three years.*

We should be grateful if volunteers to provide such information would kindly write to this office and they will receive a questionnaire.

We guarantee that anonymity will be preserved throughout the report and its preparation and that in due course all correspondence from individuals will be destroyed.

J. KASSMAN
National Council for One-Parent Families
255 Kentish Town Road
London NW5

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Geoffrey Grigson

Rising with the Lark

Messengers of Day by ANTHONY POWELL
Heinemann £6

Having read this second volume of the memoirs of Anthony Powell, I was reminded by a quotation on the jacket that I had appreciated the first volume, two years ago. At any rate there was I, talking of persons written about honestly and interestingly in the mode – did I go quite as far as *that*? Apparently I did – of Stendhal. Something must have happened since then either to me or to Anthony Powell, because this Volume Two (are there going to be three, four, five, six and up to twelve volumes to match the dozen constituents of *A Dance to the Music of Time*?) does not remind me in the teeniest bit of Stendhal – who is mentioned now and then, certainly. I must ask some questions, I see, and discover whether I was off my head when I discussed Volume One. But first let us find where we are, or where Mr Powell is, in *Messengers of Day*.

He is in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, most of the time, serving in the scrubby-respectable office of the publisher Gerald Duckworth. He is down from Oxford, beginning to learn about himself in a London which has no cause to notice him. He is larking somewhat as messenger of dawn or day. So he is able to talk to us about publishing as it was, and about certain of the immutables of publishing. Gerald Duckworth has at the moment a slight posthumous celebrity as Virginia Woolf's half-brother. This dully normal denizen of clubs 'printed' himself on the young Powell rather as the first person a gosling sees on coming from the egg (though I wouldn't, of course, compare Anthony Powell with goose or gosling) prints himself thereafter on the gosling's memory. But that isn't quite so smart an image as I thought it was. The gosling thereafter likes the imprinted parent or person for ever; and Anthony Powell did not like Gerald D. This print of dislike has remained ineradicably sharp.

If Mr Powell does not quite believe Virginia Woolf's intimation that she was fumbled in her adolescence by this older relative, Duckworth does make him say a thing or two which most writers will recognise as the grey truth. 'If the virus of bibliophobia is dormant in the blood there is nothing like a publisher's life for aggravating the condition.' And Duckworth's 'interest in books, anyway as a medium for reading, was as slender as that of any man I have ever encountered'. Why also did the firm of Duckworth, that band of dry noddies, lose Edward Garnett as reader? 'Perhaps 20 years of brilliant recommendation was at last unendurable.' That was publishing all right. And it is publishing still in some firms.

But then, outside Henrietta Street, who larked with Anthony Powell as dawn hardened toward the cold midday, and in the afternoon of the long day itself (since this short volume of only 119 pages shifts about in time)? Really that should be my last question. Anticipating it, let's consider what we might reasonably expect from the memoirs (memoirs are not, or are not altogether autobiography) of a novelist whom some judges and many readers hold in much respect. I may be feeling a little priggish about this, having just lapped up Professor Christian's wonderfully satisfying selection from the letters of Tolstoy. But I should reply, first, that we might expect more than the amusing. Henry Lamb, painter of that portrait in the Tate of drooping trees and drooping Lytton Strachey, lies in a military hospital in World War I. The doctor who comes round is the pop novelist Warwick Deeping; he looks over Henry Lamb's shoulder, he sees that he is reading Milton, and remarks: 'Strange old-fashioned stuff.' That is amusing – but at rather a low intensity. Better is required, since we don't need illuminating, do we, in the tastes of a Warwick Deeping or a Harold Robbins?

Mightn't we expect plenty from the eye of quizzicality and humanity and wisdom? A child in one chapter regards the blowing of smoke rings, and says: 'Blow square ones.' That is better, but not enough of that kind is remembered and recorded. And shouldn't wisdom and human concern be combined in comments on literature above the level of Warwick Deeping, above, for instance, suggesting a parallel, as on one page, between Elinor Glyn and Nancy Mitford? Literature is mentioned. But are we pleased to know that Anthony Powell on a second and a third reading found that *A Hero of Our Time* was a very good novel after all? Are we illuminated, given a sudden insight, when Anthony Powell remarks, *'Dead Souls* is, of course, a far richer work than *Oblomov*, though both tail off disappointingly towards their close'?

Then we may expect style. Unquestionably there is a marked style, or manner as a remnant of a style, in these memoirs. It is a bit of a stiff manner, not unusefully so at least in slowing our reading down and not permitting us to skip or gallop. Yet its tricks or slips are not agreeable. 'Said to be haunted, Carrington House is . . .' That journalistic sleight recurs. So does an awkwardness or sloppiness or contradiction of grammar at a low level. 'Something of a classical scholar in his youth, other literary tastes were less easy to define . . .' I reflect – not being able to call myself an expert in Mr Powell's style or manner over the years – that he may be faltering, as we all do sooner or later; but then I come – and with scepticism – to that question of larking-with-whom, in the arts, in the morning of his day and on into the afternoon, all as indicated by Anthony Powell himself.

He was born in 1905. What writers, painters and so on does he talk about among those who reigned when he came to a literary consciousness, in the late Twenties and early Thirties? Joyce, Lawrence, Eliot, Yeats, Lewis, Forster, Picasso, Braque, Léger, Klee, Chirico, Moore, Nicholson? No, the Sitwells and Augustus John. Then I think of Sainte-Beuve on what may be hinted or confirmed by the first milieu of a writer, by the

Christopher Reid

A Holiday from Strict Reality

Here we are at the bay
of intoxicating discoveries,
where mathematicians
in bathing-trunks and bikinis
sit behind the wheels
of frisky little speedboats
and try out new angles
to the given water.

Everything that we see
in this gilded paradise
is ours to make use of:
palm-trees on the marine drive,
nature's swizzlesticks,
stir the afternoon air
to a sky-blue cocktail
of ozone and dead fish.

All day long
the punctilious white yachts
place their set-squares
against our horizon,
as we lie around on mats
and soak up the heat,
cultivating a sun-peel
that grows like lichen.

A restless volleyball
skips between four figures
like a decimal point,
but the ornamental beach-bum,
who lives under an old boat,
picks at his guitar
and contemplates the plangent
hollow of its navel.

In the hotel bar,
alcoholic maracas
and, on a high glass balcony,
a pompous royal family
of apéritif bottles . . .
Ernesto the barman
tots up a long bill,
castanetting with his tongue.

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group of friends and coevals among whom he chooses to share hopes and excitement, as his abilities show and take form. Anthony Powell's generation was remarkable. Will you learn from his memoirs about – well, Auden, MacNeice, Britten, the Seven and Five, the excitements of *Cahiers d'art* and *transition*? About the ferment of the times? You will not. You will be told about Connolly, and Constant Lambert, and Evelyn Waugh. If you object that it's something to learn something of Evelyn Waugh, I say yes; adding that, as we know, Waugh's was not among the noblest of aspiring and inspiring natures, and that, early or late, his writing hardly stands on an eminence in modern literature (read Edmund Wilson, in *Classics and Commercials*, on the bathos, the dispiriting clichés and the snobbery to which Waugh descended, a rare breath of good sense).

Altogether, I think, Anthony Powell portrays or betrays himself as more conforming than free, though with moments of independence. Also the round of the Cavendish Hotel and the Eiffel Tower and Stulik, and the Fitzroy Tavern and Betty May – and Aleister Crowley – is old hat. The minor, incidental portraiture has thinned. At times it can be very much on the surface; and misleading, I find, when I am able to compare my own recollection of a sitter or my own recollection of his work. It isn't adequate, for example, to describe Kit Wood as no more than 'a talented performer in the *faux-naïf* manner'. A few not very endearing affectations creep in and seem to point to affectations larger than themselves. Why spell 'intelligenzia' with that zed, as if Anthony Powell were Maurice Baring writing of Russia 70 years ago? No prizes for the answer.

John Keegan

Room 101

Death's Men: Soldiers of the Great War by DENIS WINTER *Allen Lane* £5.95
Into Battle: A Soldier's Diary of the Great War by JOHN GLUBB *Cassell* £5.95

One evening in the winter of 1958 I was trying, for a reason which escapes me now, to extract a box of matches from my father's jacket pocket without waking him from his doze beside the drawing-room fire. I had, I thought, nearly succeeded when, with a weird, beseeching mewing he jumped from his chair, turned a pirouette in the centre of the room and fell into a sofa on the far side, driving it against the wall and breaking its leg. I was both mystified and very badly frightened by these eerie acrobatics (I felt the hair on my neck actually stand on end), as he saw when he woke up. 'I thought', he explained in a placating, curiously small voice, 'that I was being eaten by a rat.' I grasped later what I had discovered. My gentle, loving, tender-hearted father, one of the physically bravest men I have ever met, had lived with Winston Smith's nightmare for 40 years. For that isolated moment, the door of his Room 101 had opened and I had seen inside – seen duckboards, screw pickets, sandbags, mud-caked puttees, coke braziers glowing in the gloom of a dugout and the sagging wire-mesh of tiered bunks where soldiers sleeping the sleep of battle-fatigue might have their faces bitten by rats.

Denis Winter is also the son of a soldier of the trenches (Sergeant Henry Winter, MM, 10th London Regiment, East Ender, pre-war 10/- a week clerk, post-war teacher – these details must be pieced together from his kaleidoscopic narrative); and, undeceived by the no doubt carefully edited answers to his 'What did you do in the Great War, Daddy?', he has set himself to open as many of the doors to Room 101 as he can find in the memoirs of the amateur soldiers in the Kitchener armies of 1914-18. This might be thought an exercise already too often rehearsed – by the survivors of the experience itself in the spate of self-revelatory memoirs which appeared almost exactly ten years after the Armistice, and in the great revisionist debate over the war which followed the lifting of the 50-year closure of the documents in 1964-68. But that would be to misunderstand the evolutions through which the historiographic process passes and the role which the past plays in the memories and minds of men. What Winter is doing is as necessary to his generation, who must live with the admissions and evasions of their fathers, as was the great unburdening of the 1930s to the survivors themselves. What he is offering is not psycho-history, with its overtones of prurience and voyeurism, but a sort of second-order autobiography, which attempts to interpret and decode the world we live in through the experience of the generation which is passing from us.

And how well he does it. This is a beautifully organised book. It takes the reader through every stage of the military life which the volunteer of 1914 would himself have passed: enlistment (and the many half-way-houses the appearance of volunteering might conceal); training in England; the rail and boat journey to France ('Even now, 60 years later, I do not like to watch a train moving out of a station and disappearing into darkness'); the introduction to trench life and the discovery that soldiers did not spend all or even most of their time in the trenches; the pleasures of rest in the 'back areas'; home leave, when it came – train and boat back to Victoria for eight or ten unsettling days; battle, if it came, which in the course of time it almost always did; its aftermath; what one thought of the Germans who had not so much put one through it as shared it with one; what, when the war was over, one made of it all.

Looking back, what so many remembered, to set beside fear, lice, foul language, bad food, wet clothes, was the grinding hard work, the extreme physical labour of humping forward along a mile of narrow, congested communication trench the '96-foot duckboards, 34 nine-foot iron girders, 19 prefabricated dug-out frames, 300 feet of board and three hundredweight of nails' that each 1,000 yards of front required for daily maintenance. It fell to the infantry 'in rest' to perform most of this labour, which was understandably resented as a sacrifice of their precious nights off, but to the Royal Engineers to supervise the work.

John Bagot Glubb, later Glubb Pasha of the Arab Legion, began his army life on just such a task, first at The Bluff, that awful little pile of railway-cutting spoil just south of Ypres, then on a stretch of trench tramway between Mametz and High Wood on the Somme, then in front of Arras in 1917, where he was so badly wounded that he did not return to France until the last months of the war. His diary, which he recently found in a box of old papers, is an example of the best sort of memoir from which Denis Winter has distilled *Death's Men*. It is full of the temerity of extreme youth; the casualness of frequent death ('we lose about three sappers a day'); the echo of the soldiers' voices ('Well', from a suddenly armless veteran, 'it's better than losing your head, sir'); the pleasure in pastoral beauty which, as Paul Fussell has pointed out, the immanence of death awoke in even the most prosaic ('I rode alone down old neglected rides, while all around my head was a dazzling bower of light emerald green . . . the ground was everywhere carpeted with anemones and cowslips'); the firm-minded grasps at normality: six-course dinners organised in a ruined farm, mule-harness burnished for the divisional horse-show as if for a Suffolk ploughing match; and – an attitude characteristic of so many young regular officers whose hearts bled for the men they led to death – an exaltation found in the sense of Christian service the war brought to them:

> I remembered how St Francis of Assisi once said that perfect joy lay in being cold, hungry, exhausted and repulsed from the door of every house at which one knocked. It was the depth of cold, misery, weariness and exhaustion of that day in Martinpuich which had produced in me those waves of spiritual joy. I had given everything to do my duty and had held nothing back.

Glubb is, of course, a most unusual man. But, as Denis Winter so rightly emphasises, almost everyone who went through the war and was not unhinged by it (some hundreds of thousands were) will readily recall moments, if not of exaltation, then certainly of intense personal enjoyment – passionate friendship, euphoric excitement, trancelike relaxation between moments of danger, and the sense of living at a time and place of such world-shaking importance that all other times and places lacked thereafter the dimensions of reality. The time is gone, but the place remains, that strange overpopulated city, 500 miles long by 30 wide, which Europe's youth inhabited for four unforgettable years and to which the septuagenarians are still drawn back, as they have been throughout their manhood, in mind if not in body, to search for a kink

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of trench here, a saphead there, a barn in which they rested after battle, a farmhouse at which they bought *oeufs et pommes frites*.

After all, the Western Front was genuinely a *place*, however suddenly settled, however swiftly depopulated, with its own street plan, place-names, backwaters, dangerous turnings, local patriotisms and emotional geography; and because it was the place in which our European century was very largely made, its history, and the significance of its history for the homelands to which its settlers scattered, is still too dark, proximate, complex and rat-infested for us to face or understand. Perhaps 100 years hence a Richard Cobb may unravel its human meaning for the great-great-great-grandchildren of death's men.

Mervyn Jones

Wretched in Dallas

Legend by EDWARD JAY EPSTEIN *Hutchinson* £5.50
Marina and Lee by PRISCILLA JOHNSON MCMILLAN *Collins* £7.95

In what country was a man, though accused of no crime, imprisoned for three years alone in a windowless room in a place of detention which officially did not exist and which no outsider could visit? This happened in the US to Yuri Nosenko and there has lately (as Alexander Cockburn reported, NS 24 February) been quite a fuss about him, though not about the treatment he endured. He was a KGB man who defected soon after the Kennedy assassination, and he claimed that the KGB had never had any dealings with Lee Harvey Oswald during the latter's two years in Russia. This story was welcome to the FBI and the Warren Commission because it excused the FBI's failures in surveillance of Oswald. Through years of interrogation Nosenko stuck to his story, implausible though it is for several obvious reasons, and a senior CIA man called Angleton was forced to resign for doubting it. Angleton has now spilled the beans to Mr Epstein.

It isn't surprising that the Russians, panicking lest the Americans should believe that the President's assassin was a tool of Moscow, should use the technique of planting a fake defector to disavow Oswald. But Angleton and Epstein disclaim any suggestion that Oswald was sent back to America with instructions to kill Kennedy, so the whole thing is a minor footnote to history. *Legend* (an unwarranted title, by the way, since nobody constructed a 'legend' for Oswald) is therefore strictly for addicts. Vastly more interesting is Mrs McMillan's biography of the Oswald couple, based on talks with Marina as well as with most of their Dallas friends. You would have to be pretty incurious and unimaginative, for instance, not to be interested in the fact that Marina was in love with Kennedy. Not only was he a fairy-prince figure for her, as for millions of other women, but he also looked like the man whom she'd nearly married instead of Lee, who had bestowed incomparable kisses on her, and to whom she wrote when wretched in Dallas.

Though some of my friends think me pitiably naïve, I've always believed Oswald to be a solitary assassin. Marina says that he could never have 'acted in concert, accepted orders, or obeyed any plan by anybody else'. His closest friend, George de Mohrenschildt, said more bluntly: 'I would never believe that any government would be stupid enough to trust Lee with anything important . . . Even the government of Ghana would not give him any job.' Everyone who came across him recognised him as a pathetic misfit, mistrustful and unreliable, a congenital and unconvincing liar, and a self-destructive personality. What he got out of killing the admired leader of the world's most powerful nation was, psychologically, the fame of Herostratus. There are more convoluted motives, too, as Mrs McMillan shows in several passages of penetrating analysis. Lee, as well as Marina, admired Kennedy and was, in a certain sense, in love with him. He used to tell his wife that he would be President by the age of 43 (JFK's age) or, failing that, he would have a son who would be President.

This is not to say that 'lone nut' is the last word on Oswald, for like many psychotics he was an intelligent man and had coherent political ideas; to be opposed to American capitalism, disillusioned with Russia as a socialist society and hopeful of Cuba was not an unreasonable outlook. Nothing, Mrs McMillan writes in interpreting his line of thought, was to be expected of the American people – 'their condition needs changing, yet they are fooled by the powers that be.' It is for the individual 'to commit an act that would help destroy society . . . because of its symbolic meaning'. We can see him, in other words, as a one-man premature Red Brigade. To understand him is easier now that the news story of the day is the kidnapping of Aldo Moro than it was in 1963, when lethal intentions were generally ascribed to the extreme Right in politics. One reflects, however, that 'the propaganda of the deed' has a history in anarcho-communist thinking. One man who believed in it was Leon Czolgosz, who shot President McKinley in 1901.

Oswald had already tried to kill the fascist-minded General Walker, and he also – here's one of the great ifs of history – prepared a plan to kill Nixon. But there is, after all, only one President. As Mrs McMillan says, his logic pointed him

> toward a decision to strike another violent blow, this one aimed at neither the right nor the left, but simply at the top – to decapitate the political process . . . the better that man was, the more effective at making capitalism workable and attractive, then the more devastating the blow to capitalist society would be.

A senseless crime, we all said. The fact remains that no President since Kennedy has been trusted and admired by the American people; nor, come to think of it, has capitalism been workable and attractive.

Zahir Jamal

Faith Healing

The Mysteries of Identity by ROBERT LANGBAUM *Oxford* £8.50
The Structure of Literary Understanding by STEIN HAUGOM OLSEN *Cambridge* £9.95

The compulsion to do good is a distinctive trait in American scholarship. The urge arises naturally in a culture whose members spend more of their lives seeking guidance from teachers and experts than any other people in the world. English scholars on the other hand, unused to this demand, generally profess to hope only that their pursuits might escape blame. Robert Langbaum's book, published first in America and now here, should prove internationally acceptable: while it aims to do good, it will do no one and nothing actual harm.

Through 'treatment in depth' of six writers Langbaum wants to 'convey the Gestalt of modern literature'. This, it appears, is the same as wanting to write about identity. 'Literary criticism', he lays it down, 'is the application of concepts to literature.' Once applied, these concepts should stimulate 'more concepts that the reader can apply to other writers and

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literary traditions and to his observations of himself and other people'. With a little perseverance he should soon find he has enough concepts to interpose between himself and literature while he finishes Professor Langbaum's book 'by writing the rest of it in his own mind or in a book of his own'. Such encouragement, however, belies Langbaum's diligent efforts to exhaust his subject himself and a second book on these lines is uncalled for. Jung, Freud, Hegel, Erik Erikson, Erving Goffman and one Robert Ezra Park supply the ideas: Wordsworth, Arnold, Eliot, Beckett, Yeats and Lawrence gamely endure.

Modern self-consciousness, Langbaum opens reliably enough, originates with Descartes' separation of the mind from its world. Since then, numerous writers have either bemoaned the severance or tried to repair it. The healers, Wordsworth, Lawrence, Yeats, 'reconstitute the self'; the moaners don't. Counting the ways they do or don't occupies much of Langbaum's book and it is here that his wish to make literature do some good becomes steadily apparent from the alien chores he gives it. It isn't just that he, despite protestations to the contrary, is happy to coax his authors through a recital of the psychological commonplaces of our therapy-centred times: the language of identity-crisis and role-playing has its relevance to all the figures discussed – though it was not, it becomes necessary to insist, the language in which they produced their work. Nor is it solely that the promised in-depth treatment, when it materialises, amounts to obedient rehearsals of standard critical lines and the (largely nugatory) philosophies of Lawrence and Yeats: tolerance of one's author's eccentricities of thought is a mark of critical open-mindedness, but a mind which finds the gamekeeper Mellors's definition of chastity – 'the peace that comes from fucking' – 'Biblical' is advised to put up shutters.

What in the end confirms that Langbaum has drastically misapprehended the function of literature is the assumption behind unanswerable questions of the kind he is apt, in moments of stress, to spring: 'how can those of us who heed Lawrence's message to burst out of our old identities save ourselves?' How indeed, unless perhaps by joining Langbaum, who believes that from the teachings of his various authors 'we could formulate the secular working religion of modern self-conscious people'. A religion comprising among other things Langbaum extracts from his writers – a talent for memorising sundry impressions of Cumberland flora and an interest in reincarnation, Byzantine art and buggery – seems a peculiarly unserviceable creed to ask literary works to deliver. Its arrival, and this book, should not be waited on.

One can't imagine Stein Haugom Olsen regretting the delay. A scrupulous aesthetic theorist, coolly sure of his ground, he has produced a study of literary response which includes a rigorously philosophical and linguistic critique of modern critical practice. The ambiguity squad, structuralists, those who like their literature emotive and those who prefer it to utter central truths all come in for some pretty deft stick. Olsen's contention is that literature cannot be supposed to have a special language, does not have actual emotions for its 'prime currency' and, as far as the truths of existence go, is often frankly uninformative.

Hard words which, if they were to be heard outside Mr Olsen's professional circle, could easily imperil his life. It was a kind of wisdom, then, to present the arguments at a level of technical complexity which, though it deprives the public of much of Olsen's enticing good sense, ensures he has a future career. Not that he is in the least wilful or aloof. The individual chapters, each with its own careful introduction and steady logic, couldn't have been more lucidly presented. The prose is that grave demotic habitually adopted by philosophers when they wish to explain to an erring world the complexities of its simple beliefs: 'When Smith invites Jones to breakfast with him, he intends his utterance of the wish that Jones should do so to be a reason for Jones to come to breakfast.' But despite these and other bids to clarify our thinking for us, many of the book's idioms, terms, systems and concepts remain, like its price, out of reach. Still, Olsen's characterisation of literature as a social institution should prove widely acceptable, except of course to those who confuse it with religion, doctors' prescriptions and other pain-killers.

Douglas Johnson

If Only It Lasts

Madame Mère: Napoleon's Mother by GILBERT MARTINEAU translated by Frances Partridge *John Murray* £5.95

In 1835, a French deputy had the idea of asking his government to reconsider the question of Napoleon's mother. Like all members of the Bonaparte family she was not allowed to enter France, and this particular deputy thought that he might gain some instant popularity by suggesting that an exception be made in her case (and possibly there was also the thought that she might thereby be encouraged to bequeath to France the relics of Napoleon which she had been collecting together since the death of his son in 1832). But he had not reckoned on the determination of this formidable woman, who immediately wrote to him and stated that, in making such a proposal, he showed that he knew nothing of her principles and her character.

She explained that she had become a widow at the age of 33, when she had had eight children (she made no mention of her many miscarriages). At the time Corsica was threatened with separation from France, and she was faced not only with poverty but with the loss of such pensions as she had. She had followed her family to France without hesitation, and she had shared in the successes of her second son (had she not once boasted that no one in the world had spanked so many kings and queens as she?). After defeat she had followed Napoleon to Elba in 1814, and she would have gone to St Helena had he not forbidden it. Now she accepted the life of an exile in Rome and she refused to owe anything to the country that had exiled her. 'Leave me alone therefore,' she concluded.

Of course, Napoleon fits in with the theory that great men emerge only from parents who have been separated from them in their youth by death or disagreement. He was not yet 16 when his father died, and at the time his mother was pregnant with her last child, Jerome, the future king of Westphalia. 'Family troubles darkened the years of my youth and made me serious before my time,' he was to explain later. But it is tempting to believe that Napoleon owed much of his strength of character to his mother. At times he used to speculate on whether he was not the son of a French commander-in-chief who had governed Corsica, and to whom he would have owed his military talents. But his pride, his determination and his sense of authority clearly came from his mother.

It is curious that this formidable woman should have escaped the attention of the many who have written of Napoleon. She has been allowed to become a sort of non-person, depicted in David's painting of Napoleon's coronation when in fact she arrived in Paris a fortnight late for the ceremony, and she has been remembered mainly for one canny remark about the Empire, during the dizzy years of triumph: 'If only it lasts.' But she was the one member of the Bonaparte clan to equal her son's talents. Naturally, they could not agree. When she visited him at Elba she noticed that he still would cheat at cards and she said so. But when she lost, she was reluctant to pay her debts, and her son did not hesitate to point this out. Perhaps Napoleon got the best of the exchange. 'Madame,' he would say, 'you are rich and you can afford to lose, but I am poor and I must win.' It was a repartee which Madame Mère must have appreciated.

There is something ridiculous about Napoleon. It is not merely that pink was his favourite colour, or that he liked to play the 14 opening notes of Haydn's Surprise Symphony with one finger on an enormous grand piano before going to bed; it is rather that there was little point in the greatest military genius of all time overthrowing the courts and the courtiers of the Ancien Régime if he was to replace them with the shoddy and spurious courts of his brothers and brothers-in-law. Madame Mère realised this. She disliked the ostentation of the Empire, as she disapproved of the useless expense which was forced on her by her vulgar son. 'What shall I do with chamberlains and equerries?' she asked, and her favourite pleasure was to count her money and to invest it, so that after Napoleon's final defeat the whole family had reason to be grateful for her wisdom. She ordered a special dinner service but it never left its packing cases because she never wanted to give a reception.

Gilbert Martineau, in this extremely readable and attractive account of Madame Mère, comments (as others have done) on the contrast between her and Josephine. The elegant and frivolous sovereign was

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over-powdered, over-dressed, over-bejewelled, but the mother, who was only 13 or 14 years her senior, was dressed simply and had the less sophisticated clothing of an ordinary country-woman. And it was Madame Mère who was the more beautiful. When she went to Elba everyone commented on her beauty, her complexion and her youthfulness. It is true that at one time she thought she was being neglected and she wanted to be given an official title like everyone else. But this was only a passing weakness. She realised that she was more than an Empress: she was the mother of Napoleon.

Perhaps Madame Mère was bored by the Empire and, if so, she was right. Even in the leafy parks of Pont-sur-Seine, the château which Napoleon bought for her and which was later acquired by the Casimir Pèrier family (and was the scene of an attempted assassination of General de Gaulle), she probably missed the life and colour of the Corsican streets. But she was the best of all the Bonapartes. And even if it was only because she was never altogether happy with the French language, she was the most silent, and therefore the wisest.

Kitty Mrosovsky

The Snob Virus

The Food of Love: Princesse Edmond de Polignac and her Salon by MICHAEL DE COSSART *Hamish Hamilton* £7.50

Long before the word acquired its current cosmetic gloss, running a salon was a slippery vocation. Witness Madame du Deffand, the friend of Voltaire and Horace Walpole, who lived to be the blind leading the ambitious. Unable to keep an eye on her young protégée Julie de Lespinasse, she lost her together with the brilliant D'Alembert contingent – a betrayal quite as black as anything in Proust. Madame du Deffand survives in her acid and eloquent correspondence. Less gifted, less aristocratic, less rich hostesses found success or immortality as best they might. The generous and 'too gay' Apollonie Sabatier, angelically resilient in Baudelaire's poems, was a living sex symbol thanks to Clésinger's sculpture, 'Woman Stung by a Serpent', an amorous crescent scrutinised from top to curly toe by every connoisseur.

Winnaretta Singer, who was to become the Princesse Edmond de Polignac, had other assets besides brains and a bold physique. She was approximately the 18th child of Isaac Singer, prolific inventor of the sewing-machine, who married in 1863 his newest mistress – part French, part Irish, half his age, very beautiful. Winnaretta was born in America but her parents soon moved to Paris, then to England. Singer had spent 20 years as a touring actor and he expressed his taste for theatricality by pouring money into The Wigwam, his gargantuan house in Devon. After his death Mrs Singer made for Paris again with her six children, married a duke, and then a young amateur violinist. Her features were detected at the 1878 Exhibition in the sculpture by Bartholdi which eventually turned into New York's Statue of Liberty.

With such colossal kudos and cash behind her, an American girl could hardly fail. Admittedly, there was a hasty marriage to the obscure Prince de Scey-Montbéliard. But this was soon annulled, and at 28 Winnaretta married the musical, homosexual 59-year-old grandson of Marie-Antoinette's bosom friend Gabrielle, Duchesse de Polignac. Since she herself loved women – Romaine Brooks would paint her portrait, she would sail up the Nile with Violet Trefusis – the match was ideal, a sexual pax and an aesthetic partnership which lasted till the Prince died seven years later. Winnaretta painted and was highly efficient at the keyboard. But her achievement was her salon, her power to foster the work and careers of artists, especially musicians. For this she deserves credit. Her brother Paris managed no more than the Everglades Club at Palm Beach and some shared limelight with Isadora Duncan, whereas Winnie was offering countless commissions and subsidies – and glamorous concert-venues in her Parisian house or her Venetian palazzo – to artists whose names form quite a fantasia: Chabrier, Szymanowski, Debussy, Diaghilev, Falla, Fauré, Satie, Stravinsky, Milhaud, Markevitch, Hahn, Haskill, Ravel, Weil, Poulenc, Boulanger . . .

One snag is that patronage can make poor reading, especially if it comes in a style which is, like Michael de Cossart's, more slapdash than chic. But there's a bigger snag. This princess was as discreet as she was eccentric. After she died as a refugee in London, most papers were destroyed. Unfortunately, her biographer is convinced that a personality will leap from the page provided the text is sweetened with the disconcerted, thrilled, distressed, happy, heartbroken vocabulary we're supposed to know and love. Sometimes these words echo the conventional prose of the Princesse de Polignac's brief published recollections. More often, an 'everyone said' does duty for the intelligent comments of individuals. It wasn't just 'everyone' who found Winnaretta indestructible in her high-necked dress, but Colette, who also gives us the lady's glance of 'definitive blue' and her 'conqueror's chin'. What a shame that Mr de Cossart mashes his various sources – merely listed at the back of the book – into a kind of Polignac purée.

The interactions of the past need a delicate ear and rigorous notation, not a numinous cloud. I'm bored by the big L for Lesbian and by such clichés as 'exploring the limits of love'; that phrase would seem more suited to the post-revolutionary porn about the boudoir of the Duchesse de P*** and her Academy of Lubricity. Winnaretta, whose feelings for women were doubtless variable and complex, was on Mr de Cossart's showing more interested in exploring the limits of music. *The Food of Love*, nonetheless, is a silly title, since her 'play on!' allowed for no indigestive surfeit.

The biggest drawback to this book is its uncritical blandness. It was Proust's great merit that, snob though he was, he could expound the mutations of the snob virus. Mr de Cossart is quite bowled over by Winnaretta's willingness to waive 'social standing' but as anxious as his hostess that everyone should be 'attuned to sophisticated life'. However, if Winnaretta happened to admire Wagner in the 1880s this must be because 'fashion never mattered much to her' – not because the vogue was already under way. As for any 'mystery' in her undertaking to translate part of Thoreau's *Walden*, so antithetical to her civilised society, such a society had been toying with a back-to-nature myth at least since the time of Rousseau and Diderot.

The Princesse de Polignac used her wealth with a sense of purpose. Her monied melomania was a creative force, her discernment and eclectic independence in a period of great musical versatility were quite out of the ordinary. So much Michael de Cossart interestingly shows. But she cannot survive for us as do those stars of the salons who used their pens to better effect or who took more tangible emotional or personal risks. When Proust asked if he might dedicate *A L'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleur* to the memory of Prince Edmond de Polignac, his widow refused, wary of scandal. The best comment on the phenomenon which she represents was made by the mother of the portraitist Jacques-Emile Blanche. Winnaretta's union with the Prince would be, said Madame Blanche, 'the marriage of the sewing-machine and the lyre'. The Prince's repartee (a little flattened in Michael de Cossart's version) was perfectly attuned: 'Madam,' said the Prince, 'the sewing-machine is a great artist.'

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Jeremy Treglown

All Clear?

Centres of Ritual by STUART EVANS *Hutchinson* £5.50
Palace without Chairs by BRIGID BROPHY *Hamish Hamilton* £4.95
Unguarded Hours by A. N. WILSON *Secker & Warburg* £4.50.

For once, a week in which literary import tariffs can be waived in the confidence that buying British means buying something worth reading. There could hardly be anything more British, in fact, than Stuart Evans's latest novel, despite its by now expected dalliance with the *nouveau roman*. It is hard to know which way to tip the balance of comparison, whether towards Iris Murdoch or C. P. Snow, *Centres of Ritual* being a politico-academic novel (the first of a planned sequence) set in the early-to-mid-1970s and focused more or less equally on Westminster, Oxford, and the Highgate base of a centrist pressure-group run by a clever couple whose less clever daughter, Candida, wreaks sexual havoc among the members.

Cleverness, and Candida's lack of it, are important. We first see her vis-à-vis her tutor at Oxford, a member of the Highgate Group called Roger Ingestre, and much of the action stems from her fancying him and being in turn fancied by his star pupil, Stephen Kent. Partly out of self-protection and partly to guard Kent's finals performance against the tumultuous effects Candida looks like having on it, Ingestre steers her off to another member of the group, the goatish Tony Connors, MP. All this is very well done, as action and as a series of extended dialogues and internal monologues. But there is more to it, particularly in the intercutting of the straight narrative with a satirical version presented in a novel being written by yet another groupie lusting in secret after Candida.

This is better than a gimmick. The novel-within-a-novel is very funny in itself and also authenticates the main narrative in a way that is successfully complicating when the edges between the two accounts occasionally become blurred. But what is so impressive about *Centres of Ritual* is not only this narrative command, and Evans's concomitant political grasp, but the depth of differentiation he brings to his characters.

The title refers to a not entirely integrated archaeological theme which recurs throughout the novel (human understanding being seen, like novel-writing, as a matter of piecing people together from fragments), and it's in some of these passages that Evans sinks offputtingly into the pretentiousness he more often just manages to avoid. An Italian woman in the story is disturbed that 'clever' is a pejorative word in English. Not to everyone, perhaps, but Evans is prone to the kind of intellectual showiness that brings the adjective into disrepute. Prone, also, to making demands of a kind that even character-differentiation this good cannot easily lessen. *Centres of Ritual,* like some of his earlier books, is a whoseddit (or a who's-saying-it or a who's-thinking-it), too often like tuning into a radio play half-way through.

Palace without Chairs, on the other hand, starts as a what's-going-on, develops into a what's-it-all-about and ends as a so-what. It's a modishly fanciful piece about a palace revolution in a never-never land called Evarchia, where none of the dying King's heirs is willing or able to succeed him. Full of sharp details and elegantly written, it's largely composed of interminably proliferating fantasy sequences long out-Pythoned. There is a Meaning, of course, revealed in advance on the jacket but otherwise available, as the blurb promises, to the persistent reader ('Gradually, as if unwrapping the tinsel foil from some lethal gift . . . '). I'm afraid I put the lethal gift in the sand-bucket in the end, but from this distance its explosive message can just be read in safety. Here goes: 'One generation's assertion of life and independence is gained amid another's disappearance and dissolution.' Oh well. Sound the All Clear, Perkins.

Brophy calls it 'A Baroque Novel', and the title and epigraphs come from works by her art-historian husband. The trouble with analogies between painting and literature, of course, is that paintings – however rich in narrative content or intricately decorative – have an immediate completeness of impact which the tantalising serialism of fiction denies. A. N. Wilson knows this, and both his published stories have a simple but impelling narrative movement which in *Unguarded Hours* is supported by a comic touch whose sureness confirms the predictions critics made, I thought over-confidently, on the evidence of *The Sweets of Pimlico*. The new novel is about an at first ineffectual and inexperienced hero, Norman Shotover, betrayed in his first love and sacked from his first job, who drifts into a kind of *Carry On Curates* theological college. It's a very skilled conflation of Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde* and Evelyn Waugh's *Decline and Fall* (Auberon Waugh is detectable, too, behind many of the clerical bits). But it manages to be more than the sum of its parts, the story's optimism and domestic geniality off-setting the queasier comic episodes; and a delightful comic creation is present in Norman's friend Mungo, the Dundee of Caik, with his impulsive aristocratic certainties. 'I don't hold with the Lake District,' he says of Norman's father's painting *Near Ullswater*. 'Why not?' Norman asks. 'It just makes me angry.'

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This English

A wonderful winner from our valued monitor, Mr Kotavala: it confused me for a while, but then I realised that Willie Hamilton was, of course, using the royal 'we'. A moving mea culpa **from Mr Amis and a superb dangler round off this week's selection from our bulging folder.**

☐ [Princess Margaret] is entitled to that. But as a person handsomely rewarded out of public funds, we are entitled to expect from her higher standards than would be expected or accepted from any other citizen. **W. W. Hamilton** *The Times* (Siasp Kotavala)

☐ I chose it because it means I won't be going over ground already familiar to you: with a writer as various and many-sided as he – I think only Shakespeare has the edge on him there – everybody's approach is likely to be different. **Kingsley Amis** *The Kipling Journal* (Kingsley Amis)

☐ Turretted, arched and almost unbearably picturesque, you can walk round them unresented. **Anne Sharpley** *Evening Standard* (D. Hawes)

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FESTIVALS

Mark Kidel

Out of Time

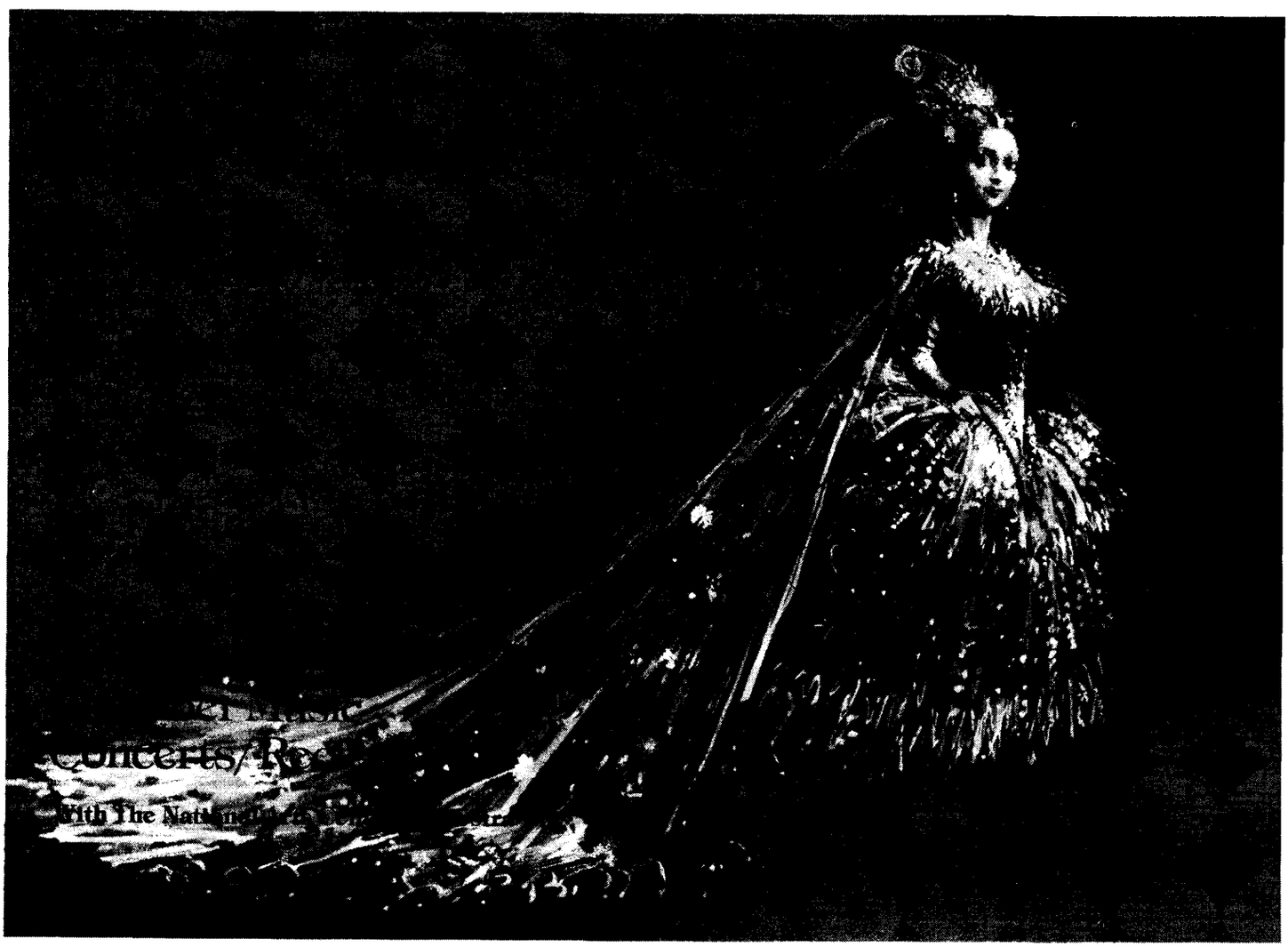
Philadelphia's free festivals took place in a beautiful natural amphitheatre by a small wood on the edge of the north side of Fairmount Park. Every Sunday throughout the summer, the city's drugs and rock'n'roll fraternity would gather there to receive the Sixties form of communion – eight hours of wild and sometimes soft music under the blazing sun. It was before the Woodstock phenomenon had taken the idea of a mass stoned gathering and transformed it into fodder for the media and marketing men. About 2,000 of us sat and lay around a small stage, listening to a very informal concert featuring local bands and climaxing with a better-known headliner from out-of-town. It was a little provincial by LA standards; there were never any superstars, but the music showed a spirit often lacking in larger, more prestigious gatherings. The police kept well away, and the free flow of wine, grass and acid contributed to the general euphoria. The violence of West Philadelphia's ghetto was close at hand, but for the duration of those sunny afternoons we lived in our own smiling nation.

The subsequent financial success of mega-festivals on both sides of the Atlantic must owe a great deal to golden-age experiences like my own in Philadelphia, and even more to the image built up in newspapers and films in the late Sixties. Woodstock – a fairly grim affair according to many revisionist accounts – was the first of the rather less than spontaneous get-togethers: the hundreds of thousands who converged on Max Yagsur's upstate New York farm were driven by a desire to share something of the liberation of the age, just as our own free concerts in Philadelphia had been modelled on the much-publicised Californian be-ins of 1967. While Woodstock was described as the natural culmination of the summer of love, and perhaps only a step on the road to a universal and timeless festival, a world united in peace by sex, drugs and rock'n'roll, it also signalled the clear beginning of the end – for festivals, at least.

As with the rest of the 'underground' movement, large outdoor rock concerts, preferably set in an idyllic location, became big business. Promoters fought over the best super-bills, forever aiming at a new attendance record. The fans, so many of them weekend hippies, were driven by a vision of a stoned Eden, and looking for a taste of the alternative society. The festival, with its pitched tents, sleeping bags and instant friendship provided a ready-made (and disposable) commune. Its strictly limited lifespan made it safe to sample: you could drop out for the length of the show, and then return unscathed to a humdrum office or factory routine. Not surprisingly, the dip into countercultural experience was marketed by the promoters just like other commercial goods.

Even the 'free' festivals of the 1970s – most notably our own in Hyde Park – were planned, under the guise of comradely generosity, to advertise new talent and boost record sales. The musicians themselves, self-consciously re-creating the Woodstock feeling, were in fact using the language of that event as part of a commodity: the laid-back, cooperative, anti-materialist togetherness of the youth movement. There were notable exceptions, moments when a particular event developed its own momentum beyond the constraints of myth and money-making. Glastonbury Fayre, staged in 1971, was held together by a very strong and quite unmarketable magic. The musicians and audience who came to the festival shared a special sense of the place chosen for the event, and of its particular power. It was an occasion out of time and beyond comparison, equal in its uniqueness and spontaneity to the near-ecstatic mass-outbursts of the late Sixties.

A success like Glastonbury helped only to reinforce the myths



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that encouraged fans to flock to any large-scale event with the right potential vibes and headlining stars, and excited adventurous promoters into going for a repeat performance at another location. The legendary Isle of Wight Festival, with both Dylan and Hendrix, was marketed as a British Woodstock, promising the same thrills. It was a dinosaurian occasion, a mixture of chaos and regimentation. The only people who could hear adequately were the press, the rest of the audience having been removed behind a barrier, a safe distance away from the stage. The festival was no longer a convivial affair: it had to be run like a military operation, particularly after the Stones' extremely nasty experience at Altamont, and there were hints that it was the army of fans who were the enemy. At the Isle of Wight there was some opposition, but not from the generally sheep-like paying audience. It came instead from Jean-Jacques Lebel and a small horde of situationists and fellow travellers who attempted to storm the perimeter fence. The gesture was a political act, a cry against the commercialisation of culture and the widening gap between performer and fan – for it was not necessary to invade in order to hear the music, as many gate-crashers discovered from a hill overlooking the site.

Sound, of course, has always been one of the major problems at larger-scale concerts. The results, whatever the technology, are bad enough at Earls Court and Wembley. So it is not surprising that the engineers have trouble in the open air, even on a wind-free day. The music, though, is secondary: it is the happening, or one's attitude to it, which produces the real festival high, the feeling of being one of so many thousands united by rock'n'roll and the secret pride in being something of an insider for the duration of the festival. It goes without saying that rain does not figure in the idyllic image. Neither do the interminable queues outside the less than salubrious Portaloos, and the extortionate prices usually charged by concessionaries for almost inedible food.

The experience of most mammoth festivals comes closer to a mixture of Belsen and Butlin's. You would have to be very stoned to see it all tinged with the rose-tinted memories of Flower Power. Rock festivals reflect the increasing regimentation of fun: they have to take place in a confined area, at a specific time and in a pre-programmed fashion. The fault lies as much with the consumers as with the cultural organisers or exploiters. The very first festivals were a spontaneous reaction against the standardisation of music, an antidote to predictability. The homogenising power of our civilisation is such that it did not take long for the

The 31st Holland Festival

1-23 June 1978 - Amsterdam The Hague - Rotterdam

'Folk arts and relations with classical arts' is the theme of this year's Holland Festival. A range of national and international manifestations offer a rich choice to any visitor to Holland in these three weeks of early summer. **The Holland Festival combines opera (a.o. Don Giovanni, Kagel's Music Theatre), Theatre (a.o. Volksbühne Berlin GDR with Brecht's Der gute Mensch von Sezuan), dance (a.o. National Ballet of Canada),** with concerts by leading symphony and chamber ensembles, recitals and special events (a.o. Concertgebouw Orchestra with Mahler's Symphony no. 3).

English programme and other information: **Holland Festival, Willemsparkweg 52, Amsterdam. Phone 72 22 45/72 50 55.**

STIRLING DISTRICT FESTIVAL

Stirling District Festival

27th May to 11th June 1978

For further details write to: STIRLING DISTRICT FESTIVAL, P.O. Box 20, Stirling, Scotland.

Aldeburgh Festival

of Music and the Arts

8-25 June 1978

General booking now open

Festival Office, Aldeburgh, Suffolk (072 885) 2935

Cambridge Festival 1978

15 July to 30 July

Two weeks of Music, Drama, Dancing, Feasting & Exhibitions.

Among those appearing: Christopher Hogwood and The Academy of Ancient Music, St. John's College Choir, King's College Choir and The English Chamber Orchestra, Hallé Orchestra, Tudor Fayre, Festival Debate, Elizabethan Feasts, Cambridge Portraits at The Fitzwilliam Museum.

Programme details from The Festival Administrator, Kett House Station Road, Cambridge. PLEASE SEND S.A.E. (6¾" x 9").

Box Office, Central Library, Lion Yard, Cambridge. Tel. 57851. Postal bookings from 31 May 1978. Personal bookings from 7 June 1978.

EXHIBITS: COMMUNITIES, GARDENING, FARMING, ECOLOGY & ENVIRONMENT, WHOLEFOODS, HEALTH, HEALING, YOGA, KEEP FIT, SPORT, EXERCISE, DANCE, ANCIENT WISDOMS, PHILOSOPHIES, ASTROLOGY & SACRED GEOMETRY, SCIENCE & PSYCHIC PHENOMENA, HANDICRAFTS & ARTS, TOYS, GAMES & LEISURE

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FIFTY-FOURTH HASLEMERE FESTIVAL

Director: **CARL DOLMETSCH, CBE**

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21st - 29th July 1978

Brochures and Tickets: Haslemere Hall (0428 2161) Surrey

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bid for freedom to be swallowed up as a new item for consumption. If spontaneity, involvement and excitement are to survive in our brave new world, they will have to do so very quietly and on a minute scale. That is the only way they can exist, whatever the conditions.

P. J. Kavanagh

Bridge that Gap

How do you get to run a Festival? In my case I guess it was because I lived near by. I was asked to submit a draft programme, then I was taken out to lunch by the Cheltenham Town Clerk (a powerful personage, I discovered) and the two local government officials who ran most things that happened in the town, from boxing to Brendel. I was told there would be no interference, only help, and that turned out to be true. There was also another, invisible, presence at the lunch: the Accountant.

The budget for the week was £4,500, which sounded a lot but turned out not to be. It had to cover everything: programmes, advertising, hire of halls, fees (including the Director's, newly raised to £500). Fund-raising, people-raising – coaxing shy writers from their desks embarrassed me: I could guess their inward groans, so I raised their fees to make it more worth their while, which meant more fund-raising – a Director soon learns he isn't overpaid. But I wanted to pay the writers more. Too often they are expected to show goodwill when they are often poorer than the people who underpay them.

That year the Cheltenham Festival was 25 years old. It had been born, long before television got going, in the first post-war enthusiasm for such occasions, when the country longed for signs of cultural life in order to convince itself that the war was really over. John Moore and Robert Henriques were the founding fathers, they invited their literary friends, everyone had a good time and audiences flocked. Since then the 'Festival' of 'Literature' (to me an odd, even impossible notion) had become a part of the routine of the town and was expected to be kept going. Various

15th Music Festival of Touraine

From 23 June to 2 July

Grange De Meslay

JEAN-SEBASTIEN BACH

Friday 23 June at 9 p.m.
ORCHESTRE BACH DE MUNICH
Direction KARL RICHTER
OLEG KAGAN (violin)

Saturday 24 June at 9 p.m.
ORCHESTRE BACH DE MUNICH
Direction KARL RICHTER
KARL RICHTER (harpsichord)

Sunday 25 June at 10.30 p.m.
ORCHESTRE BACH DE MUNICH
Direction KARL RICHTER
SVIATOSLAV RICHTER (piano)

WOLFGANG-AMADEUS MOZART

Thursday 29 June at 9 p.m.
ORCHESTRE MOZARTEUM DE SALZBOURG
Direction LEOPOLD HAGER
AUGUST NOWICKI (french horn)

Friday 30 June at 9 p.m.
ENSEMBLE INSTRUMENTAL DE FRANCE
Direction JEAN-PIERRE WALLEZ
FLORENCIA RAITZIN (piano)

Saturday 1 July at 9 p.m.
ORCHESTRE MOZARTEUM DE SALZBOURG
Direction LEOPOLD HAGER
MONIQUE HAAS (piano)

Sunday 2 July at 10.30 p.m.
ORCHESTRE MOZARTEUM DE SALZBOURG
Direction LEOPOLD HAGER
HERMANN PREY (baritone)

INFORMATION:
Comité des Fêtes Musicales en Touraine
Hôtel de Ville 37032 Tours Cedex
Tél.: (47) 05.41.98 (poste 744)

NORTH WALES MUSIC FESTIVAL

Gwyl Gerdd Gogledd Cymru 1978

ST ASAPH CATHEDRAL

24-30 September 1978

Among the artists appearing: the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra with Ruggiero Ricci (violin); BBC Welsh Symphony Orchestra with Sir Clifford Curzon (piano); Northern Sinfonia with George Malcolm; Stuart Burrows; BBC Northern Singers; Lindsay Quartet with Imogen Cooper (piano); Elinor Bennett (harp); Huw Tregelles Williams (organ); and Atarah's Band.

Full programme details available from:

FESTIVAL SECRETARY,
FESTIVAL OFFICE, HIGH STREET, ST ASAPH, CLWYD.
Tel. St Asaph 583429.

WITH THE SUPPORT OF THE NORTH WALES ARTS ASSOCIATION.

THREE CHOIRS festival
Worcester 27 August-2 September
Details from S.D. White 5 Deansway Worcester

1978 FISHGUARD MUSIC FESTIVAL

22-29 July **Director: John Davies**

Listen to choral and orchestral music in the beautiful Cathedral of St David Pembrokeshire, one of the venues for this great annual event, now in its 9th year, with BBC Welsh Symphony Orchestra, Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, Dyfed Choir, Conductors John Davies and Edward Downes and distinguished soloists.

Other artists include: Conductors Boris Brott, Meredith Davies. Berlin Wind Octet, The John Davies Singers & Orchestra (with Trevor Williams, Harold Lester, Elizabeth Bennett), Draper, Stowell, Salaman Trio, Miriam Fried, Bernadette Greevy with Arnold Draper, John Lill.

The English Drawing Room in **'A Right Royal Evening'**, Rosemary Squires, Roy Marsden & the Frank Stafford Trio in a tribute to Bing Crosby, poetry with Dannie Abse and John Ormond. Art, films, flowers, etc.
Details: Mrs Marion Butler, Festival Secretary, Festival Office, Dept. 8, Fishguard, Pembrokeshire Dyfed. Tel. Fishguard 873612 (any time).

SNO PROMS 78

USHER HALL June 3-10
KELVIN HALL June 16-July 1

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Edinburgh: Usher Hall Box Office Lothian Road, 031-228 1155/6
Glasgow: J. D. Cuthbertson, 21 Cambridge Street. 041-332 5382.
The Ticket Centre, Candleriggs, 041-552 5961.
Full details from SNO, 150 Hope Street, Glasgow, G2 2TH. 041-332 7244.

Swansea Festival 1978

October 2-21

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Information Desk Guildhall
tel. (0792) 50821

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published since 1844
edited by Stanley Sadie
monthly 45p

NOVELLO MAGAZINES
1-3 Upper James Street, London W1R 4BP. Tel: 01-734 8080

THE STRAD
published since 1890
edited by Eric Lavender
monthly 35p

LONDON HANDEL FESTIVAL
17-24 JUNE
St George's Church, Hanover Square, London W1R 9LB

Saturday 17 June 7.00 p.m.
'Alexander Balus' — Handel

Sunday 18 June 11.00 a.m.
Festival Service

Monday 19 June 7.30 p.m.
Concertos by Handel, Vivaldi, CPE Bach

Tuesday 20 June 7.30 p.m.
Bach Cantatas, Handel Chandos anthem, organ music by Buxtehude

Wednesday 21 June 1.10 p.m.
Festival Service

Wednesday 21 June 7.30 p.m.
'Music from the Hanover Room'

Thursday 22 June 7.30 p.m.
Vocal & instrumental music by Handel, concertos by Vivaldi and Telemann

Friday 23 June 7.30 p.m.
'The Prodigious Mr Handel'

Saturday 24 June 6.00 p.m.
'Messiah' — Handel

Performances by Tilford Bach Choir and Orchestra, Tilford Ensemble and English Baroque Musicians. Director Denys Darlow.

Tickets: 'Messiah' £3, £2, £1.50; 'Alexander Balus' £2.50, £2, £1; others £2, £1.50, £1. Festival brochure and tickets from St George's Church or Ibbs & Tillett (01-935 8418).

people had had a shot at this – Douglas Cleverdon, Elizabeth Jane Howard, Ian Hamilton, the Town Hall officials themselves.

Presiding over some sort of continuity was a Committee, dating for the most part from the very beginnings, people likely to give help: schoolmasters, local editors, literary-minded solicitors, booksellers. Despite a tendency for the talk to veer in the direction of 'the old days', for famous names to be suggested who had long since departed, the Committee was friendly and backed the Director up. Some sort of shape, and also difficulty, was presented by the traditional venues: first two days in the local theatre, four in the cavernous Edwardian Town Hall and the last in the older, more elegant Pump Room which has an unfortunate space in its ceiling through which all but the most determined voice is apt to vanish.

But in these days of television book programmes, of celebrity interviews, who, and what, is such a Festival for? I have now run it three times and have arrived, tentatively, at an odd answer.

First, to quote my own experience, I decided to try and widen the audience. It seemed a good idea to take the curse off the word 'literature', to bridge the gap between good journalism and authorship, somehow to remove the sense of a writer being on a pedestal with the reader at his feet. The next time, having as I hoped done this, I tried to arrange a series of occasions in which people could actually meet and talk with writers from whom, the previous year, some of the unnecessary awe had been removed. Then at last, the third year, the audience now primed and ready, the plan was to raise the ante a bit and present stuff they would find nowhere else, not on telly or radio, only perhaps in the sort of journals that are not widely read. This, I have come to believe, is what a Festival *should* do; it should cover the ground more popular occasions ignore. This is the opposite of 'elitism' (dread word). It is the filling of an acknowledged gap. Alas, this time, the combination of little-known names and untried themes, reflected in the box-office, caused the Accountant's geniality to fade. Possibly I went too far. Still, as a scheme it seems to me a fair one. Worth another try.

I was perhaps seduced by my constantly growing respect for the audience. Their questions were so often better, in the sense of larger, more important, than some of the replies they were given. I had not known, or more probably had forgotten, how many people (not huge in number but significant by any other count), how many different *kinds* of people, depended on reading for nourishment, who read humbly and intently in order to find their own experiences mirrored, in order to understand other kinds

FESTIVALS IN GREAT BRITAIN

A list of festivals in Great Britain in 1978 with dates and addresses for further information. Forecast dates also given for 1979 and beyond, where known.

Obtainable for 50p (70p by post in UK, 80p elsewhere) from Arts Council Shop, 28 Sackville Street, London W1X 1DA.

Arts Council
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KNOW YOUR OWN MIND (Arthur Murphy)
THE CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE (Brecht)
THE SHOOTING-RANGE (Eric MacDonald) premiere
MULLIGAN'S LAST CASE (Ian Blair) premiere

Music Stephen Bishop-Kovacevich, Joseph Cooper, Donald Swann, Scottish Opera, Guillermo Fierens, Mitsuko Uchida etc.

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of experience, in order, indeed, to be helped to live at all. There were certainly kinds of people the Festival did not reach, but you can believe in the non-exclusiveness of books, as I do, and still be pushed to know what to do about that. Attempts to put together more overtly 'popular' programmes did not noticeably bring in the lost battalions.

Nevertheless, I believe the experience of the attentiveness of the audience was as salutary for the visiting writers as it was for me. A few, it is true, arrived wrapped in the polythene of their prepared performance, climbed on the stage, climbed off, and that was that. But for the most part writers arrived diffident, even defensive, and left gratified. I began to cherish the secret belief that although the Festival was aimed at an audience, it was the writers it touched more nearly. And this, in a roundabout way, would benefit their readers.

But writers are not performers, or not often. We tried everything: microphones, in the round, smaller halls, endless rehearsals. Still they could often not be heard, especially in discussion. I ran the risk of physical assault from people who had paid, who had become really interested, but who *could not hear.* Yet, as the audience bayed for the despairing Director's blood, I have welcomed off the stage writers who arrived wan and who were now aglow with encouragement and surprise, blessedly oblivious of their tendency to mumble. Complacent? No. Nor deluded. Briefly reassured that there is some point in what they do.

There were high points. Doris Lessing talking with, not at, an audience, describing to them what it was like to be her sort of writer; the kind of formalised informality I had dreamed of setting up; Philip Toynbee talking about himself from his beginnings to his present with a direct and monk-like honesty that writers, coaxed into the spotlight, *should* use. There were disappointments: an evening close to my heart, writers in the Celtic languages, Sorley MacLean *et al.* explaining what it was that held them to those ancient tongues. The English audience stayed away. Too highbrow? If they had been there they would not have found it so. Inaudible? Alas, sometimes . . . But those Celtic writers enjoyed it, enjoyed each other, were there to be seen and, for the most part, heard. A Festival, then, for the writers? Why not? So long as they offer themselves: so long as they don't hide behind cleverness or each other; and the good ones don't.

NEWCASTLE FESTIVAL 78

JUNE 16th – JULY 2nd

MUSIC SCOTTISH NATIONAL, BBC NORTHERN SYMPHONY, ROYAL PHILHARMONIC & NORTHERN SINFONIA Orchestras, DMITRI ALEXEEV, GRIMETHORPE COLLIERY BAND, JOSEPH COOPER, REGINALD DIXON, MARIAN MONTGOMERY, DAVID BOWIE, JACK JONES, GEORGIE FAME, GILLIAN WEIR.

EXHIBITIONS THOMAS BEWICK, HENRY MOORE SKETCHES, JACK COMMON, EMBROIDERERS GUILD

THEATRE Theatre Royal: HYWEL BENNETT 'Otherwise Engaged', LIZ FRAZER 'Donkey's Years'. Gulbenkian Studio: PIP SIMMONS

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Information: Newcastle Festival, 7 Saville Place, Newcastle upon Tyne Telephone: 0632 - 20844

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Information: Department of Leisure, Cleveland County Council, Gurney House, Middlesbrough. 0642-248155

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28th King's Lynn Festival

21-29 July 1978

London Symphony Orchestra/Mata, Hallé Orchestra/Loughran
Academy of Ancient Music/Hogwood
Choir of Christ Church, Oxford/Preston
Borodin Piano Trio, Contrapuncti
Musica Reservata, Songmaker's Almanac
Atarah's Band, King's Singers
Fairport Convention, 'Salute to Satchmo'

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Full programme and booking details from: King's Lynn Festival Office (Dept C1), King Street, KING'S LYNN, Norfolk PE30 1HA Tel: (0553) 3578

PROMS 78

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21 July – 16 September

Prospectus on sale from 9 June – 50p

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Harrogate Festival
Festival Director: Clive Wilson
3-16 August 1978
An International Festival of Arts and Sciences

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English Chamber Orchestra/Pinchas Zukerman/Isaac Stern/ Lynn Harrell/ Yo Yo Ma.
Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra/Ivan Fischer/Garrick Ohlsson.
Royal Philharmonic Orchestra/Hans Vonk/Walter Klien.
Schütz Choir of London/London Baroque Players/Roger Norrington.
Richard Hickox Singers and Orchestra/Richard Hickox.
London Sinfonietta & Chorus/Walter Susskind/Paul Crossley/Jeanne Loriod.
Bracha Eden and Alexander Tamir. Robert Tear and Benjamin Luxon. Cathy Berberian and Harold Lester. Shlomo Mintz/Yo Yo Ma/Yefim Bronfman Nash Ensemble. Esterhazy Baryton Trio. Schola Gregoriana of Cambridge. Alan Curtis. The King's Singers. Grimethorpe Colliery Band. Hinge and Bracket.
'Through the Looking Glass and What Alice Found There'. Children's opera—first performance of Festival Commission from Wilfred Josephs. Harrogate Festival Sotheby's Lecture given by Dr Magnus Pyke. Writers' Discussions and Lecture. Exhibitions. Late Night Shows. Children's Events daily. Festival Club.

Full details available from
The Festival Office, Royal Baths, Harrogate, North Yorkshire. HG1 2RR
Telephone 0423 62303
and
Ibbs and Tillett, 124 Wigmore Street, London. W1H 0AX.
Telephone 01-935 8418

Windsor Festival
16 - 30 September 1978

Events take place in the Waterloo Chamber, Windsor Castle, in St George's Chapel, Eton College, Chapel and Halls.

Artistes and orchestras include:
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The Secretary, Windsor Festival Office, Dial House, Englefield Green, Surrey.

Wavendon Festival '78
Administrator: Herbert Sternberg
26th May - 15th July

artists appearing include:

Cleo Laine·John Dankworth·Rolf Harris·Elkie Brooks·Humphrey Lyttelton·Norman Bailey·Robin Ray·Kenny Ball·Roy Castle·John Ogdon · Derek Jacobi · Gabrieli String Quartet · Carlos Bonell · Brighouse & Rastrick Band·Steve Race·Instant Sunshine·Sheba Sound · Pro Arte Ensemble · Alex Campbell · Five Hand Reel · Landscape·Maxine Audley·Richard Huggett·Kenny Baker·Brian Lemon · Elizabethan Singers · Cy Grant · Kenny Clarke · Myrha Saxophone Quartet · Don Lusher · Mike Carr · John Constable

for brochure and further details send SAE to

Wavendon Allmusic Plan, The Stables, Wavendon, Milton Keynes, MK17 8LT
Tel. (0908) 582522

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Selected Festivals

The selection printed below has been taken largely from information sent to us by the festival organisers. A more comprehensive list is available in the Arts Council pamphlet *Festivals in Great Britain 1978*.

Arts in General

Aldeburgh Festival of Music and the Arts *8-25 June*
Art in Action (Waterperry House, nr Wheatley) *26-29 May*
Barnwood Festival of Worship and the Arts *7-14 May*
Bath Festival *26 May-4 June*
Battle Festival *21-30 July*
Belfast Festival *9-25 November*
Boston Stump Festival *9-25 June*
Brighton Festival *28 April-7 May*
Cambridge Festival *15-30 July*
Chester Festival *24 June-9 July*
Chichester 903 Festivities *8-22 July*
Church Stretton and South Shropshire Arts Festival *22 July-5 August*
Corby Festival *14-23 July*
Crosby Arts Festival *9-21 October*
Dawlish Arts Festival *18-30 June*
Dorchester Abbey Festival *17-25 June*
Dudley Spring Festival *10-27 May*
Eastbourne Festival of Music and the Arts *23 May-10 June*
Edinburgh International Festival and Edinburgh Fringe Festival *20 August-9 September*
Festival of the City of London *17-29 July*

York Early Music Festival
1-23 July 1978

Week long courses on Medieval, Renaissance and Baroque and Classical Music with four dozen concerts by leading British and European groups and soloists. This is a journey through music from **The Play of Daniel** in York Minster (7 July) to Schubert.

For full details and leaflet (booking opens 8 May) write to: **John Bryan, 86 Micklegate, York, North Yorkshire.**

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May 18-28

pfa Programme & Diary of Events from Festival Headquarters, The Round House, Perth.

OPERA—SUMMER '78

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Trovatore/Butterfly/Forze del Destino

BAYREUTH 14-20 August
Parsifal/Tannhauser/Flying Dutchman

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PARIS 13-16 May
Faust/Coppelia

PARIS 13-16 July
Othello/Madame Butterfly

MILAN 20-30 October
Orfeo/Ritorno di Ulisse in Patria/ Incoronazione di Poppea

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VENICE: Pensione Seguso — Hotel Carpaccio or any of your request

All details from:
Brompton Travel Ltd, 206 Walton Street, London SW3 2JP. 01-584 6143
ABTA Members CAA ATOL No. 1039B

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Gloucester Festival *29 July-12 August*
Greenwich Festival (including Arts for the Disabled) *10-25 June*
Harrogate Festival *3-16 August*
Haslemere Festival *21-29 July*
Hemel Hempstead Arts Trust Festival *14-27 October*
Hunstanton Festival of Arts *14-21 May*
King's Lynn Festival *21-29 July*
Lake District Festival *26 May-16 June*
Leicester Arts Festival *10 June-1 July*
Leigh Festival *3-17 June*
Little Missenden Festival *7-15 October*
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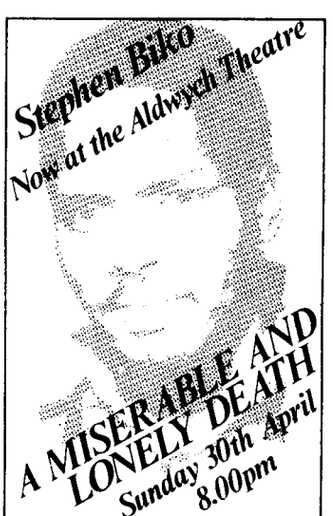

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Peter Porter

Bringing the House Down

Michael Foot's expectation that the broadcasting of Parliament would lead to a new seriousness in the journalistic reporting of debates in the House seems a strange piece of forecasting. Interviewed just before the start of the official radio coverage – 3 April, Question Time – Foot likened the opening of the Commons to the microphone to the introduction of Hansard in the last century. That had been a blow for democracy and this would be too. Democracy would do even better when the cameras were allowed in. But once the cheerful noise of Question Time began, you were aware that Foot was talking nonsense, and looking through the papers the next day only made you respect all the more the tidying-up and dignifying work of editors and reporters.

The House in action sounds like *It's a Knockout*: *The Times* reports are positively Ciceronian by comparison. Another dent in Foot's hopes came from the self-caricature of Members' voices. How Welsh the Labour MPs for Wales sound and how English are the Welsh Tories. Did all Tory MPs go to public schools? Does listening to Mrs Thatcher always feel like exposure to a slow-speed dental drill? Where did the Speaker learn his special way of pronouncing 'Order'? Everything that happens in the Commons is so exactly like a comedian's version of politicians in full cry that you begin to wonder if they aren't all reading from a Light Entertainment script.

Or perhaps radio just makes it seem that way. I have never believed that democracy in action is edifying to behold or to listen to: only politicians could be so self-regarding as to think that. But I don't doubt that serious and intelligent points are being made within the welter of clichés and statutory quarrels crossing the floor of the House. So far, the broadcasting of Parliament has been (I choose the term carefully) fun – it has the kind of lift and excitement which old Broadcasting House hands term 'good radio'. This is a better chance for democracy than Michael Foot's hope that the public will respect politicians more. However, I doubt that the excitement will last. I remember when Parliamentary broadcasting began in Australia in the Forties. It was listened to by a considerable number of people. Today if you let your dial stray on to the Canberra airwave, you enter the very dust-bowl of radio. There has been too much of it and it has gone on too long. Almost all the debates are relayed in Australia, which, in a country cursed with too many radio stations, is an insane example of overkill. I hope the BBC and IBN will ration their doses of Parliament. We cannot expect committee stages of Bills to be broadcast, and I for one would not want the present coverage stepped up.

Prime Minister's Question Time is enjoyable and the convention of dummy questions and their supplementaries is not too difficult to get the hang of over the air. The BBC men on the spot are informative to just the right extent: they don't intercede so much that they blot out the parliamentarians' voices, but they identify the members and add a quick and judicious vignette of each. Direct broadcasting from the Palace of Westminster is supplemented by quotations from speeches in the many comment programmes which Radio 4 puts out. Freer access to taped speeches makes *Yesterday in Parliament* and the various specialist analysis programmes more immediate. Highlight of the first fortnight's broadcasting from Westminster was the Chancellor's Budget speech. People I spoke to concluded that Mr Healey had been briefer and more to the point because he knew his was the first Budget oration to be heard by the nation as it was delivered. Michael Foot was asked if the broadcasting of Parliament might not lead to prima donnaism among MPs. He answered that this seemed a remote worry. I'm sure he is right and for the reason that the House is so stage-struck already that the potentially enormous audience outside must seem superfluous to such a team of actors. They have their theatre to hand. If we all go on listening I'm sure we shall be surprised, but my strongest impression so far has been of a set of Theophrastian types of the genus politicus. Theophrastus's tragic characters have been lost to posterity, but even the pompous tones of Mr Van Straubenzee seem to fit in happily among the comic turns available in the House of Commons. Such is the magic force of broadcasting.

The story of the British part in returning emigré Cossacks and other Russians to the Soviet Union at the end of the second world war has been much written about since Nicholas Bethell's book, but the programme which Bethell compiled on Radio 4, *The Last Secret*, had a humanity and immediacy which fleshed out the many pieces of journalism devoted to the case. There was one – and only one – drawback: Eden's and the British Government's motives were sketched in too flimsily at the start. Given the horrors which were to come, Bethell should have told us more about the reasons for there being some 2 million anti-Soviet Russians outside the Soviet Union, and also the extent of their help to the Axis during the war. But as a reconstructed narrative it was flawless. It also testified to the humanity and decency of the British officers and troops who were called up first to deceive the Cossacks and then herd them into transport for Russian prison camps. It was a programme to instil despair. Here were men of the most conscientious and scrupulous humanity, appalled by their own actions, nevertheless carrying out instructions from above. They could not do otherwise: the world would fall apart and our own freedom be lost if we followed every moral scruple in a global conflict. But the level voices and the sharply remembered details were harrowing. Whoever has cause to be ashamed of Britain's action, it is not the Army men who carried out their government's orders in Austria in 1945.

Last Sunday Radio 3 relayed an extraordinary cultural meeting, when Radio France broadcast by satellite a concert direct from Peking, with the Central Philharmonic Society Orchestra playing Berlioz, Beethoven and some new Chinese music. Since Western music was banned for many years, the highly efficient Peking players must have kept in practice by performing the Hollywood/Rachmaninov stuff apparently considered properly revolutionary and decently indigenous by New China. Two such pieces were included in the concert, and they certainly were played with conviction. A group (but not a gang) of four composed a piano concerto entitled *Battling the Typhoon*, which claimed to exalt the socialist initiative and the heroism of the dockers. It is bafflement and not the desire to sneer which makes a Western listener wonder why such revolutionary music should sound so clichéd and overblown. The concert could only have added to the general incomprehension with which East and West view each other. Do Beethoven and the soupy film music of the new Chinese scores seem of a piece to Peking ideologues? We need more broadcasts of this kind from China to help us find our way out of such conundrums.

Television

Julian Barnes

Dali Do

Harold Pinter on *The South Bank Show* (LWT) announced at one point that he was prepared to make 'a tentative definitive statement' about his work. The phrasing came as no surprise. In his first television interview for ten years, Pinter had already been furtively revealing about his childhood, candidly covert about the sources of his plays, and lucidly opaque about their significance. Excellently handled by Melvyn Bragg, Pinter further confused matters by leaving one thinking both more and less of his work. It was gratifying, for instance, to have confirming evidence of the solidly realistic basis of Pinter's quaint confrontations. If you're Pinter, people really do come up to you in the pub and say, 'I could take you to some digs, but I wouldn't recommend them' (hence *The Birthday Party*); if you're Pinter and wander into the kitchen at a Chelsea party, you really do find a completely silent fat man reading a comic and devouring round after

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round of bacon and eggs (hence *The Room*).

On the other hand, Pinter's innocent approach to writing, and his insistence that his plays contain no more than they seem to contain, did depreciate his work, did limit it to just those strange, shifting surfaces which we already know well enough, and which we always suspected might conceal more. What is *The Homecoming* about, wondered Bragg, clearly asking the question you don't ask Pinter; after a plot-summary, the dramatist commented, 'It's not about anything else, it's about what takes place.' Melvyn burst into uncertain laughter: 'I thought I wouldn't get anywhere talking about themes . . .' Nor did he. But at least he familiarised us with a man who, even after an hour's chat, remained as attractively evasive as his plays. At times, Pinter behaved like a misplaced, slightly raffish wing-commander, posh-toned, a Balkan Sobranie aloft, verbally in brogues; at others, the posh vanished from his voice, and he appeared more the bookish, puzzled East Ender who had made good.

You could tell that *The Eurovision Song Contest* (BBC-1) was going to be more diverting than usual when Al Alvarez came on to sing the Irish entry in a velvet jumpsuit and a strong American accent. Officially, he was billed as Colm C. T. Wilkinson, presumably because of some silly Equity ruling. After that, anything went: the German singer was a postman's daughter from Billericay; Luxembourg entered Spain's best-known pop duo; and, oddest of all, the Danish group, four blond brush-cut rockers with the rough charm of apprentice car-salesmen, were clearly Joe Brown and the Bruvvers beginning a devious comeback. They even sang in cockney Danish, if you can imagine anything more unpleasant, and for some reason called themselves Mabel.

The chirpy influence of Abba, winners at Brighton four years ago, still has some time to run. Mixed combos exuding that scrubbed kookiness offered themselves in every regional variation: the well-groomed Italian Abba, the dirndl Turkish Abba, the highly unlikely Israeli Abba (who won), the Portuguese Abba with their surrealist adulterer's anthem ('Dali dali dali dali dali do' went the refrain), and the most slavish copy – the British Abba. Quite why anyone – even Terry Wogan – considered Co-Co favourites was a mystery. Thin and whiney in tone (my whistling kettle boiled during their number without anyone noticing), they sang what one might charitably term an early Mary Hopkins number, and had been dressed by a very good satirist: the men wore satins of thoughtfully clashing colours, the girls the new 'shredded' style – the one which looks as if you have been dressed with incredible care, and then, just before you come on stage, have been set upon by a pack of rabid dogs. And in case that wasn't enough, there was the absurdly ill-judged name: what chance would a French group have in a London-based contest if they called themselves 'Commie'?

Richard Adams's television appearances are always worth looking out for, since few men vanish down an open manhole of silliness more pleasingly than he does. The last time I caught him was on *The Book Programme*, confidently announcing that Claire Tomalin's biography of Mary Wollstonecraft was the first-ever book on the subject (for which he had his leg roundly bitten by that Norman Hunter of criticism, Brigid Brophy). This time, on *Mavis – Wanting to Know* (Thames), he was bemoaning the general state of the nation. 'Some of the things that are wrong are the result of too much wealth,' he began, and lambasted the irresponsibility at all levels of life – the disrespect for God, for the Queen, the police, one's girlfriend, and the mentality which says, 'I'll fiddle my taxes if I can.' Then you suddenly realised where Adams was speaking from: the tax haven of the Isle of Man.

The disturbing feature of the Rabbit Merchant is not the crassness of his shopkeeper views but the querulous sanctimony with which they are expressed. He has the air of a man who has just read a biography of Waugh and decided that blimpery cannot fail to be engaging. The difference, of course, is that Waugh had wit (in both senses): Adams, by contrast, is well down the path to parochial Rowsery. The second part of this agreeably ill-tempered show brought in Jill Tweedie, whom Adams told to go off and be an actress, and Clancy Sigal, whom he called paranoid. Tweedie laid out a fine, flexible liberal intelligence; but what can you do against a man whose moral sun is the Civil Service?

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Wolf's Clothing

Don Juan Comes Back from the War *Cottesloe*
Twelfth Night *Old Vic*

Don Juan is the second play by Horvath that the National has disinterred within 15 months and, like his *Tales from the Vienna Woods*, it is cruelly scarred with sexual disillusion and social dismay. Last time, the main character was an outcast Magdalen, a vulnerable lass destroyed by the Austrian lower-middle class for presuming to stain its pure sheets. Now it is a veteran of the Great War, a mid-European reincarnation of Don Juan who, like Bernard Shaw's heretical version of the same mythical beast, seems to be more aspiring superego than unregenerate id. He claims to have become a 'new man' in the trenches, says he dreams of rediscovering and propitiating the girl he long ago seduced and rejected, and does his best to mean it all. When we meet him, he's resisting an importunate tart with the excuse that he 'only wants somewhere to sleep'; and we leave him slumped beside his lost love's grave, his already wonky heart quite pegged out, readying himself for a death there's neither need nor reason for any avenging statue to inflict. In between he does, it's true, recover his sexual appetite to some extent, but only because the dishes on display are so determined to be eaten. Women throw themselves at him and, when he fails to find them fulfilling, they turn violent and vindictive, threatening suicide or fabricating charges of rape. Like Shaw's Jack Tanner, this Don is less manipulator than manipulated.

'Anyone can get a woman – cripples, anyone, even if they're falling apart with the pox,' maintained a contemptuous male in *Vienna Woods*. 'What are you men? – nothing, nothing, fit for the scrapheap, I hate you all' is the riposte from the other side of the barricades in *Don Juan*. Both plays tend to suggest that the natural relationship between the sexes is one of suspicion and distaste, and both manifest a comparable alarm about the drift of politics. To be sure, this one is set earlier, during the hunger of 1919 and the inflation of the early 1920s; but it was actually written later than *Vienna Woods*, in 1936, and it is certainly more sombre and mournful in mood. Indeed, its Don Juan could almost be seen as an emblem of Europe itself, its good resolutions in disarray, its bad habits reasserting themselves, its heart apparently stuttering to a halt. The play's style, like its subject, is fragmented, nervy and abrupt, and at times somewhat sentimental, too; but Christopher Hampton's translation is insistently actable, and vigorously delivered by 12 women, sharing a total of 35 parts, and just one man: Daniel Massey, mooching and wincing through the harem inhabited by Susan Fleetwood, Susan Littler, Judi Bowker and others, a doleful sheep in wolf's clothing.

It would be hard to buy a plane ticket to the Illyria of Toby Robertson's *Twelfth Night*, which is situated somewhere off the Pacific coast of Bohemia and stuck in the seven days between 1920 and 1968. The suits of Orsino's bodyguard come from double-breasted Chicago, Olivia's radio from electronic Japan, and the valium she swallows before receiving Viola from Boot's in Piccadilly. A blind beggar sells balloons to Antonio, who is an ageing California hippy, and Belch's revels owe much to Chiquita Banana and her ilk. 'De twelfth day of de samba,' they all sing as they tap and weave their way across the stage. This sort of style, which may be roughly called 20th-century non-specific, always makes me feel disorientated and a bit paranoid – has a rival reviewer been slipping hallucinogens into my pre-curtain pint, in order to discredit my perception? But, for now, let me limit myself to pedantically asking how it's possible to reconcile the style with the text's topical references, Malvolio's remark about the Lady of the Strachey marrying the Yeoman of the Wardrobe, or Feste's suggestion that the word 'element' is overworn. Not even the scholars are certain of the meaning of the first of these arcane in-jokes, and, if I had my way, it would always be cut. Put across by what appears to be the head-porter of some pre-war Slovakian *hôtel-des-bains*, it is particularly ludicrous.

Yet, somehow or other, Mr Robertson has managed to prevent his funhouse rituals from compromising what is, under it all, a surprisingly severe approach to the play.

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Paradoxical though it may sound, his characters are capable of hurting and being hurt. Eileen Atkins's grave Viola knows what it means to be on both the giving and receiving end of love; Ronnie Stevens's tiny plucked Aguecheek is no less serious and sincere in his terror of financial ruin; behind the rumpled jacket, sweaty face and fat, rheumy smile of John Savident's Belch a singularly ill-humoured leech and lout is idling his life away; and most evident of all there's Robert Eddison's clown, dressed like a derelict beachcomber and spreading unease and mistrust wherever he goes. By now we should be used to melancholy Festes, disillusioned Festes, Festes who see the fatuity of romantic Illyria, the frailty of its hedonism. But in Mr Eddison melancholy has evolved into bitterness, and bitterness into a sly malice. This is a festering Feste; and his obsessive persecution of Michael Denison's Malvolio, a snooty but harmless type given to miscalculating his diphthongs and waltzing narcissistically with himself, becomes so nasty that even the repulsive Savident is shocked. It is an outstandingly ambitious performance, one given rare emphasis by Mr Robertson's production, and its effect on the play as a whole is decisive.

Films

John Coleman

So Help Me, Me

Oh, God! (A) *Warner West End*
The World's Greatest Lover (A) *Scene 3; Studio 1; Screen on the Green; Odeon, Kensington*
Herbie Goes to Monte Carlo (U) *Odeon, St Martin's Lane*
The White Wall *ICA from 2 May*

The older he gets, the more the matchless George Burns looks as if he is deriving a wry, inner hilarity from sucking on a lemon. This dapper Jewish pixie, given a new lease of film life a few years back with *The Sunshine Boys*, is a pro's pro, never at a loss for a quickie or rejoinder. It is evident that he has been around for a very, very long time. So who else should play God? One might wish Carl Reiner's *Oh, God!*, with a script by Larry Gelbart, funnier, wiser, harsher, but it would have been unthinkable without the quiet, hoary craft of Burns. He, or He, first makes Himself known to nice, peaceable Jerry (John Denver), assistant manager of a Californian supermarket, by voice only, on the 27th floor of a 17-floor building. Jerry has been chosen to spread the simple message via all possible media that the world provided by God can work if only people will give it a try. God then materialises, a shrunken ancient in a baseball cap, while his doubtful messenger is taking a shower. Convinced by this, and a minor rainstorm created inside his car, Jerry runs head on into trouble with his family and the world. He is sent up on the Dinah Shore chat show, summoned before an assorted group of top theologians who present him with 50 questions in Aramaic for God to answer, taken to court by a revivalist for slander, and finally fired from his job: a last meeting finds God in safari clothes, patting his cheek, saying, 'You talk, I'll listen.'

Were we to bother our heads with the moral of all this, we should be in an icky fix. And one might note that some 15 minutes have been cut from the original, leaving Donald Pleasence as a psychotheologist with one line, and yet there is still too much of an easy parody of Billy Graham-style revivalism. The film wins one over, where it does, through throwaway lines like the market manager's complaint to honest Jerry (an astonishingly amiable performance by John Denver) over his vegetables, 'Why haven't you been oiling your cukes?'; and through the cumulative knowledge that the next voice you hear may well be that of George Burns. He admits to imperfections in creation: 'Tobacco . . . Ostriches, funny-looking things. Avocados, pips too big.' But, 'Give me a break. A few things I got right. I put summer before winter, didn't I?' In the courtroom scene (do you remember the one in George Seaton's 1947 and Capra-ish *Miracle on 34th Street*, with Edmund Gwenn on trial as Santa Claus?), Burns makes a surprise appearance and is sworn in: 'So help Me, Me', he obliges. If only Mr Gelbart or someone *had*, a crucial shade more. The most offensive thing about *Oh, God!*, and Carl Reiner as writer and performer has been known to display a comprehensive irreverence in the past, is its inoffensiveness (Jerry: 'I don't belong to any church' – God: 'Neither do I'). Buñuel it ain't.

I recall recommending about one-fifth of Gene Wilder's first attempt at directing himself, *The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother*, which he also wrote. The same team is in action in *The World's Greatest Lover*: and the percentage for entertainment is even lower. Mr Wilder must really learn to leave himself alone. There is something tragic about such self-waste. Nor is it agreeable to watch acknowledged comic talents like Dom DeLuise and Fritz Feld falling all over the set after laughs. One could wish, too, that Hollywood would leave itself alone for a spell. The time is 1926 and Wilder plays Rudy Hickman, a Milwaukee baker, soon to become Rudy Valentine when Rainbow Studios, run by DeLuise as a megalomaniac surrounded by yes-men, sets out to discover its own rival to Paramount's Valentino. In a plot so soft-centred it melts in the mind, Rudy's sweet-faced wife, Annie (Carol Kane), believes that her idol, Valentino, fancies her. Arrived with her neurotic, aspiring husband at the big studios, she makes for a night of love with the Sheikh, but he has obligingly switched with little Wilder so that it is, in fact, her legal aid who brings off the erotic miracle after all. Wilder first made a corner in hysteria in *The Producers* but he surely doesn't need three separate manifestations of it, as we are offered here, any more than does DeLuise have to keep assaulting his one no-man. Ill-timed slapstick abounds (a messy bakery conveyor-belt bit, an overflowing bath bit, an attacking-the-leading-lady bit) and there are stunningly unsuccessful goes at some verbal chopsticks, way after the Marx Brothers.

Herbie Goes to Monte Carlo has that wretched little Volkswagen tumbling bonnet over bumpers in love with a Lancia, an even more nauseating Disney notion than the usual cuteness with beribboned doggies. A car race and a jewel robbery furnish heavy relief: the humans – I suppose – are Dean Jones, Julie Sommars and that rubber-faced ogler, Don Knotts. Stig Björkman's 1975 *The White Wall* is worth seeing for the stand-out performance by Harriet Andersson as a new divorcée and for Lena Nyman's naughty, jolly support as her chum.

World Cup

Brian Glanville

Playing Away

All sport, said Orwell, is an unfailing cause of ill will. Certainly the fatuous placebo that it serves to bring nations together has long since been laughed out of existence. Yet, as the imminent World Cup in Argentina shows, moral problems persist. Amnesty International is campaigning to acquaint sports journalists with the brutalities of the regime. Paul Breitner, the West German international player, has begged his colleagues not to shake hands with the Argentinian President, General Videla. The Montoneros guerrillas, having after long inactivity murdered a civilian official in Buenos Aires, threaten that there will be no armistice for the World Cup.

Should it be played in Argentina at all? Do those footballers who take part in it, those exponents of the media who cover it, thereby make themselves accessories after the fact? The question, for those of us who intend to go, is a difficult and complex one. My own mind goes back to October 1968, when I arrived in Mexico City – ironically, from Buenos Aires – to report the Olympic Games. On arrival, I was told to cover the student 'disturbances', of which I then knew little. There had been tanks in the streets the previous night; violent fighting with the blue-helmeted special police, the Granaderos. My first evening in Mexico City found me, under a bleak downpour, in the huge Plaza de las Tres Culturas at the end of the Reforma, attending a crowded student meeting which passed off peacefully.

Because my talks with students, and my attendance on a silent march from the Monument of the Mother, suggested all was now quiet, I did not attend the *mitin* in the Plaza the following Wednesday. It was then, by brutal conspiracy, that Diaz Ordaz's government ringed the square with troops, who went in shooting, point blank, and bayoneting. More than 300 died, among them pregnant women.

Silly as well as cynical, the Mexican

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Government had decided that a bunch of mere sports journalists would show no interest in such internal affairs. They would have been right had they been thinking only of the ancients of the American Press Corps, wrinkled adolescents under visored caps, one of whom assured me, outside the Maria Isabel Hotel, that 'it was only in one section of the city'. What would he have said after Calvary, I wondered? The English and Italians, in particular, busied themselves in finding out what happened, in reporting to their readers. It was an anxious time. Mario Menendez Rodrigues, the burly editor of *Por Que?*, a radical weekly, escaped death by a whisker when a bus ran at him, killing the man beside him, while he himself leaped on to a nearby car. By 1969 he was in solitary confinement and it was his brother, Roger, who sat in his office with a gun on the desk. Our duty, it seemed to me, was clear.

But who, with ears to hear and eyes to see, does not know what is happening in Argentina? Who has not heard of the terror gangs, the torture, the abduction, the repression? What reporter, however diligent and gifted, can bring back from the World Cup information more horrifyingly detailed, stories more cruel and blood-chilling, than have been made public already? I have never been to an Olympiad since Mexico. And never shall. The irritable indifference of the athletes, that race of sacred monsters whom we have ourselves created, was quite predictable, but none the less repugnant; as was the callousness of the unspeakable Avery Brundage and his kind. For the international athlete, by and large, is one whose 'event' is all, whose life is dedicated almost mystically – with anabolic steroids as the totem meal – to victory and records. On a human level, you might have expected the athletes to identify with the slaughtered students. Yet even as genial a girl as the late Lillian Board, when I tried to explain to her in the Olympic Village what had happened, replied: 'I know it sounds awful, but I'm more interested in that girl down there. You see, I'm running against her.' Footballers are to some extent protected by their very professionalism, itself engendering a saving cynicism. There are not many like Breitner.

It is quite legitimate to take the view that no international sporting event should ever take place under an inhumane regime. In that case, the 1980 Olympics certainly shouldn't be held in Russia, which not only has its Gulag Archipelago but transgressed outrageously when Moscow last put on the Student Games. A group of Russian soldiers was sent to a game played by the Israeli basketball team to sit by the court, shouting anti-Semitic slogans. But moral arterio-sclerosis is the condition of sports administrators everywhere. The Moscow Games go on.

If, however, you do not take so root-and-branch an attitude, where should the line be drawn? When FIFA, the football authority, chose Argentina for the World Cup, they could not know what its situation would be, six years later. Such monstrosities as the 'Nazi Olympics' of 1936, blatantly used for propaganda (Brundage thundered then against the subversion of 'Jewish interests', just as he would publicly equate the expulsion of Rhodesia with the murder of the Israeli athletes 32 years later), should be avoided. Yet the obvious reason for taking the Games away from Hitler's Germany was that invoked for banning South Africa from international competition: racial discrimination against native inhabitants.

There is no suggestion that Argentina discriminates against native-born footballers on racial grounds. Nor is there much chance that a naïve attempt to improve their 'image' through an American public-relations firm will prevail against the mass of fearful documentation which has already been published. The criterion by which the World Cup should long since have been denied Argentina was surely the inability to guarantee the safety of the participants. In 1974 the West German authorities faced, and mastered, the threat of the Arabs. The Montoneros are Argentinian. We can but hope and pray.

Art

John Spurling

SIW

The Adoration of the Golden Calf *National Gallery*
Robert Mason *ICA*
Paul Mount *New Art Centre*
The Lithograph of Charles Shannon *Taranman*

The Press view of the damaged Poussin was outwardly a reassuring affair. We were not shown the draggled strips of canvas as retrieved from the National Gallery's floor, but the reassembled painting. The complete image was already restored, even if the joins gave it something of the look of a stained-glass window. Arthur Lucas, the Gallery's chief restorer, with the appearance and manner of an eminent doctor, ran his fingers over the patient's wounds and explained how, by the end of the year, he hoped to have them healed.

Apart from the stutter of cameras every time Lucas raised his finger, the atmosphere was calm and objective – rather as the painting is, in spite of its warm colours, its golden centrepiece and the gestural excitement of nearly all its figures; only the distant figure of Moses, smashing his tablets away to the left, a Biblical has-been among all these smoothly classical children of Israel, seems really worked up. Yet it was as if his diminutive malevolence had overwhelmed the whole scene. I suspect that many of us were more disturbed by what we saw than we cared to show: not because our valuable national treasure was damaged or our golden calf of art blasphemed against, but because a painting of this quality is a mirror held up to humanity and a form of enlightenment. To slash it with a knife is an act of diminution, of symbolic self-mutilation, equivalent on its smaller scale to the burning of books or the persecution of intellectuals by barbarous regimes.

If Poussin's world is that of the 'Ode on a Grecian Urn' – the bright, clear images of antiquity idealised and lifted clear of time – Robert Mason's is that of 'Ozymandias', except that the fragments of the king of kings have sunk still further under the sand and are now unrecognisable even as legs of stone or a shattered visage. Mason's pictures are abstracts with teasing figurative associations. One can see from the small study for *Desert of Alfa* how a pot, a piece of chicken-wire and a plank with a rough, splintery surface are transformed in the larger collage into mere shapes and shadows overlaid with delicate glazes of pink, green and yellow. In other pictures one can decipher – or think one deciphers – a figure, a rickety fence, buildings or, in *The Sixth Door Opens on the Cider-Press*, machinery with cog-wheels and three voluminous casks. The objects are drawn in pencil, often on paper over card, with the paper partly scraped off to convey an extra sense of accretion and obliteration, and then given both body and semi-burial with paint. But although one's first impression is of archaeology – earth as death's scroll, in Shelley's image – it is really the renewal of his debris that interests Mason. The remains of Ozymandias, having lost all relevance to the past, become momentarily discernible features in a landscape whose soft, dusty veils of atmosphere are always in the act of creating a further metamorphosis. Mason is only 31, but already a remarkable artist.

The New Art Centre, which has established itself as the Cornish Quarter of London, is exhibiting sculptures by Paul Mount, embellished with a mixed show of paintings by Lanyon, Hilton, Scott, Pasmore, Heron, Wells and others of the fraternity. Mount, who has lived in Cornwall since 1962, makes metal sculptures in three varieties: heavy, clenched, angular pieces of cast iron; shiny, curvaceous, soaring pieces of stainless-steel; and stainless-steel mobiles. The cast-iron pieces derive their forms partly from industrial machinery, but the stainless-steel ones are mainly biomorphic. All the sculptures share a strong emphasis on the centre, suggested indeed by titles such as *Sanctuary*, *Spectre de la Rose* and *The Heart of the Matter*, which tends to make the immobile pieces, in spite of their energetic aspirations, rather tame lions. Mount has a kind of jeweller's skill with surfaces and welds and he has evidently been to Hepworth for his way with caves and curves, but the over-simple symmetries, which leave the spectator too little to explore, shut down the imagination. With the mobiles, however, this insistent desire for balance becomes a strength. Perching up to five separate components one above another on a central pole, so that their spindly steel branches and appendages float in amongst each other (two are motorised, the rest to be turned by the hand or the wind), Mount achieves a three-fold flowing effect, outwards, inwards and round, constantly varied by the changing relationship of his details. These graceful structures (which must have been a nightmare to make), complemented by the airily rugged paintings around them, ought

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to be enough to persuade any figurative malingerer of the pleasures of abstraction.

The Taranman Gallery (236 Brompton Road, London SW3) is very small and not yet well known, but its shows are invariably choice and its catalogues the envy of artists who show elsewhere. The present exhibition is of lithographs by Charles Shannon (1863-1937) who, with his friend Charles Ricketts, founded *The Dial* and devoted his life, unabashed by Impressionism or later developments, to the Art for Art's Sake he had embraced in the 1880s. Although he was also a painter, he was best at lithographs, which he made straight on to the stone, without preparatory drawings. The exhibition contains several excellent portraits, but is most notable for its pre-Raphaelitish mythological scenes in which the figures, for all their characteristically droopy poses, have an unexpected forcefulness: the long, lean Atalanta, in a cotton shift against a leafy background, her legs folded tightly back while she twists round to remove one greave with her long, strong, diagonal arms, is no languishing maiden but an early version of Vanessa Redgrave. On the other hand, the naked lady against lilies of *A Lithograph in White Line* and those gathering grapes in *Summer* have an extraordinary Renoir-like softness and amplitude considering that they are after all made of nothing but black and white scratches. Shannon fully deserves his resurrection.

Weekend Competition

No 2512 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

For most of us (especially Russell Lucas) four-letter words only mean *those* words. Well, then, why not try some verse or prose – up to 150 words if you've got the bottle: all of which have four letters. Just the one limitation: none of those rude ones, okay? By 12 May.

Result of No 2509 **Set by Robert Baird**

I'm Bidin' My Time,
'Cause that's the kinda guy I'm

– wrote Ira Gershwin (and we are grateful to a Mr L. Adler for writing in to correct Mr Baird's original version). We asked for poems rhymed as outrageously as this.

Report **by Fat Jeff**

We're a bit worried about Tim Hopkins at the moment. He seems to be going through a frightfully chippy phase. The other week Fatboy (who, I should tell you – since so many have written up to ask – is not a pseudonym of mine: he's a real 56"-waist, double-chips merchant and not half so pleasant as I am) had occasion to chide Hopkins about his failure to enter the comp; and mentioned in passing The Lemon Kid's light-hearted suggestion of whacking one to the Luton maestro. Here is Hopkins's fretful entry:

I don't like the Kid Threatenin' –
Specially when I been gettin' in;
So if I sometimes miss – why –
The lad can go kiss my . . .

All the signs of galloping paranoia, I'm sure you'll agree. Still, we decently agreed to send him four pounds to cover the medical bills when they begin to arrive. The same to those below, except for Vita-Finzi, who gets five.

You'd think they would retire a
Guy who rhymed like Ira:
Why, any dumb coquette'll
Slip Popocatepetl
Into a rhyming couplet
And not even hiccough. Let
This kind of bravado
Be shorn of sol mi fa do,
Like some impressive Byzant-
Ine toff who, naked, isn't.

C. VITA-FINZI

Girls who drink when they burgeon'll
Seldom stay virginal.
Vodka and brandy are
Known to make men randier.
If folk do orgy us,
It's wicked (though gorgeous).
Since alcohol is
The root of all follies,
Mrs Mary Whitehouse'll
Campaign against carousal.

WAYNE SIDESADDLE

To define a
Vagina,
The biology teacher
Pointed out this feature:
'My rod'll
Indicate it on the model.'
But only the sillier
Girls found it unfamiliar:
Owing to the universal urge in all,
Few were still virginal.

MAUD GRACECHURCH

So this is another comp you think'll floor
The weakly victims, which shows what
sort you're.
You grind us poor worms beneath your heel;
But worms turn and, watch it, we'll.
Sitting there in your diamonds and thermal
Mink underwear, you'll soon see this worm'll.
Now that you've got over your
pornographic period
– Which Philip Roth might appreciate though
I doubt whether Philip Neri'd –
You cast about for fresh horrors to
contrive . . .
Well, others may not have had it, but by
golly, I've.

MARY HOLTBY

Babe, I'd give not one dime
For the rhymes of Stephen Sondheim;
I'm no admirer
Of the Gershwins, George *or* Ira;
Can't take Irving Berlin
Whose songs there's not one pearl in;
I loathe Burt Bacharach's
On whose attempts I'd crack our axe;
And Mr Samuel Kahn too
Can he rhyme well? – he Kahn't, ooh!

BILL GREENWELL

Need a change of climate,
Ain't gotta dime, ate
Nothin 'cept the pips in my lemonade.
Just seen the sculpture Oscar Nemon made,
Clemmie's portrait, and with hers
Winnie's beside her, so bad it wrung
me withers.
Guess I'm goin kitsch too so us'll
Get into the hustle –
Who wants to be a martyr,
Even for art, huh?

T. GRIFFITHS

Tony Miles

Chess

No 81 **The $12,000 game**

The annual Louis D Statham tournament at Lone Pine, California, provides a unique opportunity for promising juniors to meet world-class opposition. The event is a swiss-system, open to anyone with an International or American rating of over 2350 or to juniors over 2250. There is no entry fee, and the prize fund this year amounted to $36,000 with a record first prize of $12,000. This, not surprisingly, attracted a strong entry with 23 Grandmasters from all over the world. There was also a reasonable English contingent; Michael Stean, Jonathan Mestel, Jon Speelman, Shaun Taulbut and myself.

There were many early shocks. In the first round only seven of the top 20 players won. Larsen lost to Speelman, and Timman to the American junior Seirawan. Polugaevsky took the early lead, winning his first four games, but was soon challenged by Larsen who bounced back with five straight wins. The two met in round 7 with the Russian holding a half point lead. Larsen pressed hard but the game was drawn. In the penultimate round Larsen beat Stean to draw level, whilst Polugaevsky was lucky to hold Petrosian.

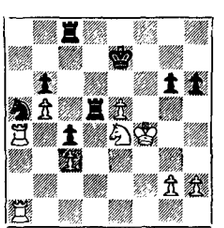
In the last round Polugaevsky took a short draw with Lein and it was left to see if Larsen could beat Rogoff. We did not have to wait long for the answer. Larsen's attack crashed through and the game was over in two hours (see below). Later that night one $12,000 richer Dane was reportedly seen dancing through the street (there's only one) of Lone Pine singing the praises of the increasingly popular swiss system!

As for the English contingent, Stean, Mestel and I all came close to the leaders at various times, only to fall back. The only real success went to Jon Speelman who scored his third and final IM norm.

White: B. Larsen **Black: K. Rogoff**

1. P-K4, P-QB3; 2. P-Q4, P-Q4; 3. N-QB3, P x P; 4. N x P, N-Q2; 5. N-KB3, KN-B3; 6. N x Nch. N x N; 7. N-K5, N-Q2; 8. B-KB4, N x N; 9. B x N, Q-N3; 10. B-Q3 ('Because I believe there is justice in chess' Larsen) **10. . . .P-B3;** (Personally I'd have taken the pawn and tried to disprove Larsen's theory. Without it black just has a bad game.) **11. B-N3, B-K3; 12. Q-K2, B-B2; 13. 0-0, P-K3; 14. P-B3, 0-0-0; 15. B-QB4, R-K1; 16. P-N4, P-KR4; 17. P-KR4, R-N1; 18. Q-B3, B-K2; 19. P-R4, P-N4?** (19. . . . Q-Q1 was necessary though black is probably still lost.) **20. P-R5, Q-Q1; 21. P-R6, KNP x P; 22. P. x Pch, K x P; 23. R x Pch! Resigns.** On 23. . . . K x R; 24. Q x QBP forces mate.

Problem 81



White to play, is a pawn up, but has trouble holding his QNP and KP. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 10 May.

Solution to Problem 79

White wins by 1. P-Q6! N x P; 2. B-Q5, K-B1; 3. B x NP! and if . . . N x B; 4. P-R6. Otherwise the distant passed pawn gives white a technical win. The game concluded 3. . . . K-K2; 4. B-Q5, P-B4; 5. P-R4, P-R3; 6. K-B1, K-Q2; 7. K-K2, N-N4; 8. K-Q3, K-Q3; 9. B-B7, K-B4; 10. B x P, N-Q3; 11. P-R6, K-N3; 12. B x P! Resigns.

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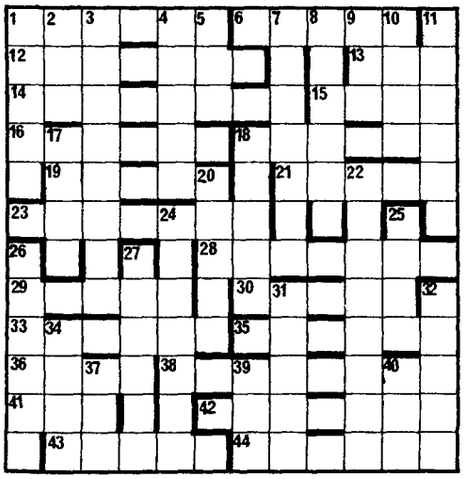
Salamanca 5: 'To Say Nothing of the Dog'

PRIZES. Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 5, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 9 May.



Four themewords, A,B,C,D, do not appear in the puzzle although two examples of each type do appear in the diagram, otherwise unclued. In the case of C the examples are not direct but rather hint as to its nature. In the completed puzzle solvers will find one diagonal that provides the link.

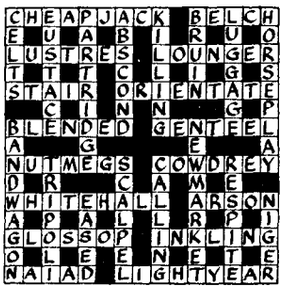
ACROSS

1. Round sweet cake reminiscent of confusion in maze?
6. This pipe to make one an addict?
12. Cut off from friends, even in a boater, perhaps.
13. Canal place no rest for the poet? Get somewhere else.
14. Tin-opener at a pinch? Author using end of rock? Fine to-do!
15. Conceit — as a rule on the river, it's always dead against you.
16. Lord! Such a fuss getting nail almost affixed!
18. One's beaming? No, gent's in a fuming state.
19. Once assign one to soak, holding towel initially.
21. Fiery — fellow's disposition around edge of Marlow.
23. Example B.
28. Surpass in boasting about a big trout? Better ignore it.
29. Distressed by a boating accident.
30. Example A.
33. Example D.
35. Sort of bun, say, heard by the sculler?
36. Jumper — perhaps use it for wrapping up fist as well.
38. Tinned food? Vessel's mate's furious.
41. In Dorchester, arrivals' time.
42. Example C.
43. Example B.
44. Rub end that's afflicted — like dog in fight with kettle, e.g.

DOWN

1. Example C.
2. Untuneful entertainer clutching tree.
3. Birds of breeding see first man with oars in confusion about to fall in.
4. Incoming one's an idiot leaving the river.
5. Monies for flower arrangement.
7. Too podgy, note, in public.
8. Example A.
9. Marginal note — reading it up, to weary?
10. One swimming for all to see — no close shave for him?
11. Example D.
17. Something fishy, say, about speaker's standpoint.
18. Wearing what's damp, we hear — supply required — old tavern's what one's earned.
20. Resort of swingers, or not, perhaps.
22. Sharp-smelling stuff required once liar's collapsed.
24. This shows the speaker's lines are outbursts at hint.
25. A sailor up a tree.
26. Last note in purse, perhaps — with which to buy tea?
27. Once promised to live at inn mostly.
31. Young lady half out of bed? Movement's slow.
32. Elected to go up deserted English river, taking time in it.
34. Tent — attempt to put up around middle of haugh.
37. Inexperienced for natural state — chilly and damp — describes A, B, C, D?
39. Bath attained in a clumsy boat? Objection arising.
40. Dab hand — or what one may contain?

Solution to No 1259



Prizewinners to No 1259

Dr Carpenter (Cambridge)
S. Newman (London SE3)
N. Mackie (Newcastle/Tyne)

APPOINTMENTS

ARTS COUNCIL OF GREAT BRITAIN

Billericay School Creative Writing Fellowship

tenable from September 1978 to August 1979

Applications, from men or women, are invited for this fellowship which offers an opportunity for the writer to pursue his own work while fostering interest in creative writing amongst the younger generation.

Candidates should be willing to initiate contacts with the full range of pupils present in the school, with a view to stimulating creative writing. It is hoped that the fellow will play a leading part in producing an anthology of original work by pupils.

The value of the fellowship is £5,000.

Further details from the Headmaster, Billericay School, School Road, Billericay, Essex. Candidates will be asked to submit published work with their applications. Final applications should be returned by 13 May 1978.

UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO
Dunedin, New Zealand

DIRECTOR OF UNIVERSITY EXTENSION

The Council of the University of Otago invites applications for appointment to the position of *Director of University of Extension.*

The Council hopes to appoint a candidate of academic attainment, with administrative experience, with imagination to gauge community needs, and with initiative in devising ways of meeting them.

Salary: The appointment carries academic status and the salary will be as for an Associate Professor (i.e. NZ$19,101 per annum). A suitably qualified candidate could be appointed at a salary in the professorial range (i.e. NZ$20,804 to $26,481 per annum).

Further particulars are available from the Secretary General, Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF, or from the Registrar of the University.

Applications close on 31 May 1978.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON
INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION

EXPERIENCED PERSONAL SECRETARY

required for new professor of science education, and large, active department. Fast, accurate typing and some shorthand essential, plus flair for organisation. Familiarity with continent of North America (through work or travel) would be desirable; knowledge of one other European language would be useful. Office in attractive new building, Bloomsbury. Salary at appropriate point on range £2,766 — £3,349 plus £450 London Allowance. Four weeks basic annual leave.

Please send full details of education, age and experience to Personnel, University of London Institute of Education, Bedford Way, London WC1H 0AL, NOT LATER THAN 10 May, quoting reference EO/Sc.

MANCHESTER POLYTECHNIC

CREATIVE WRITING FELLOWSHIP 1978/79

Applications are invited from practising writers with a special interest in the theatre for an Arts Council Creative Writing Fellowship from October 1978 to June 1979.

Salary: £5,000

For further details write to the Dean of Studies' Office, Manchester Polytechnic, All Saints, Manchester, M15 6BH. Closing date for applications is 22 May 1978.

One Parent Families

Information Officer

The national charity helping the largest group of poor families in Britain is looking for a new Information Officer, following internal promotion. The Information Officer will take charge of a busy office with three full-time staff. The duties will include researching and preparing reports; providing accurate information to the public, professionals, press, and staff; maintaining a high standard of publications about and for one-parent families; and working with the Director and Deputy Director on policy and public relations activities. The successful candidate will probably be a graduate with commitment to social change and already be doing similar work at a lower level of responsibility. Ability to handle words and numbers and to work under pressure are essential. Salary on scale AP3 £3,877 — £4,237 (inc. London Weighting Allowance and supplements). For application form and further details please write to:

the Director, National Council for One Parent Families, 255 Kentish Town Road, London NW5 2LX. Telephone 01-267 1361, Extension 34. Closing date for return of applications 18 May 1978.

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NEDO offers an active role in the development of the nation's economy

The National Economic Development Office serves the National Economic Development Council, the Economic Development Committees and the Industrial Strategy Working Parties.
As a non-political organisation, dedicated to the development of our nation's economy, it provides facilities for communication between management, trade unions and Government.

Vacancies exist in

MANPOWER DIVISION

Applicants should be able to deal with senior people in trade unions, Government departments and industrial management. Practical experience of working conditions and labour relations in at least one major UK industry would be desirable as would a degree in economics or related discipline with some statistical training.

Salaries **£4880 - £8400***
according to qualifications and experience

*A 1978 pay settlement under discussion not included in the above figures

Applicants giving age, qualifications and experience, and the names of two referees, should be sent to:

Mr A S Douglas
National Economic
Development Office,
Millbank Tower, Millbank,
London SW1P 4QX

VIETNAMESE PROGRAMME ORGANISER

The post is based in London and duties include the planning, production and editorial control of BBC programme output in Vietnamese and the direction and supervision of the work of Vietnamese broadcasting staff.

The work calls for sound political and editorial judgement, first-hand experience of Vietnam, detailed and up-to-date knowledge of the affairs of Vietnam and South-East Asia generally and the ability and experience necessary to devise and edit programmes for an audience in Vietnam. Relevant experience in broadcasting or journalism and a fluent knowledge of Vietnamese would be a distinct advantage.

Salary £6,510 p.a. (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) x £290 to £8,250 p.a. plus continuing unconsolidated allowance £234 p.a.

Telephone or write immediately, enclosing addressed envelope, for application form quoting reference 78.G.1245.NS to **Appointments Department, BBC, London W1A 1AA. Tel: 01-580 4468 ext 4619.**

BBC

DIRECTOR

SSRC Research Unit on Ethnic Relations

Applications are invited from individuals with considerable research and research management experience in ethnic relations or related fields to fill the above post on a full-time basis, following the return of the present Director, Professor Michael Banton, to full-time University work in August 1978.

Although the Unit is now at the University of Bristol, its future location, which will be in an academic institution, will be determined after discussion with the new Director.

Salary will be in the range for University Professors and the Council has its own non-contributory superannuation scheme. An appointment on secondment would be considered.

Further details may be obtained from **Mr David Farmer, SSRC, 1 Temple Avenue, London, EC4Y 0BD,** to whom applications should be submitted by 31 May 1978.

Social Science Research Council SSRC

COMMISSION FOR RACIAL EQUALITY

ENQUIRY OFFICER

A temporary vacancy exists for an Enquiry Officer.

The successful applicant will be responsible for the following duties:

1) Interviewing casual callers and compiling reports on all such interviews.
2) Helping callers to fill in "request for assistance" forms.
3) Dealing with all telephone enquiries not directed to a specific officer.
4) Dealing with all enquiries on the work of the Commission.
5) Dealing with all general correspondence not directed to a specific officer and in particular with all abusive or frivolous letters.

Please send large self-addressed enevelope to Personnel Dept. Commission for Racial Equality, Elliot House, 10/12 Allington Street, London SW1E 5EH, for further details and application form. Closing date for completed applications 12 May 1978.

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- ★ **widen understanding and support in Wandsworth**
- ★ **contact both local and national press**
- ★ **streamline information services**

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WCCR,
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or ring Pamela Austin on 767 3631.

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WORKERS' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION

ASSISTANT GENERAL SECRETARY

Applications are invited from suitably qualified candidates with a knowledge of the WEA and of adult education, for appointment to the post of Assistant General Secretary. Appointment to be made at a point on the salary scale £5,754 to £7,448.

Further information and application forms from **The General Secretary, Workers Educational Association, 'Temple House', 9 Upper Berkeley Street, London W1H 8BY (Ref. NS).**

BRITISH YOUTH COUNCIL

We are looking for applicants for two new posts in our headquarters team. The Council is a democratic young people's organisation and the successful applicants will probably be under 26. Both posts will pay around £4,000.

EDUCATION OFFICER — who will organise an extensive programme of political education including the production of original material and the planning of training meetings. The area of work, which will involve working with many youth organisations, is new and exceptionally challenging.

INTERNATIONAL OFFICER — will administer the Council's international programme which involves the organisation of youth exchanges, educational work in the UK and its representation on a range of international bodies. A good knowledge and experience of international issues and organisations is essential.

Send SAE for further details and application form to the **General Secretary, British Youth Council, 57 Chalton Street, London NW1 1HU. Applications will need to be returned by 12 May 1978.**

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF BOTSWANA

Applications are invited for the post of

SENIOR LECTURER/LECTURER in the DEPARTMENT OF POLITICAL AND ADMINISTRATIVE STUDIES.

Prime competence is required in Public Administration plus ability to teach a combination of courses in Introduction to Public Administration; Planning and Management of Development; Finance, Personnel and Public Enterprises; Financial Administration; Rural Development; Community and Resource Development; secondary field may be in any area of Political Science. MA required, ABD or PhD preferred. Salary scales: Senior Lecturer P5,868-P7,116 p.a.; Lecturer P4,272-P5,700 p.a. (£1 sterling = P1.60). The British Government may supplement salaries in range £2,178 - £3,216 p.a. (sterling) for married appointee and £804-£1,716 p.a. (sterling) for single appointee (currently under review and normally free of all tax) and provide children's education allowances and holiday visit passages. Family passages: baggage allowance; biennial overseas leave; inducement allowance 30%, gratuity 25% at end of each two year tour plus various allowances. Detailed applications (2 copies) with curriculum vitae and naming 3 referees to be sent to Registrar, University College of Botswana, Private Bag 0022, Gaborone, Botswana by 30 May 1978. Applicants resident in UK should also send one copy to Mrs I. Biggs, Inter-University Council, 90/91 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 0DT. Further details may be obtained from either address.

TRANSPORT & GENERAL WORKERS' UNION

LIBRARY ASSISTANT

The TGWU require a Library Assistant for its Research Department in Westminster. The duties are broadly to maintain and improve the Union's library service; the ordering, cataloguing, indexing of Government publications, periodicals and books. Candidates should be interested in the trade union movement and be able to work on their own initiative.

Inclusive salary: £78.50 per week plus LVs, 35 hour week, 4 weeks holiday.

Please telephone for interview and further details: 01-828 7788 (Mr R. HARRISON).

UNIVERSITY OF CALABAR — NIGERIA

Applications are invited for the post of

PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL SCIENCE

in the

FACULTY OF SOCIAL SCIENCES

The appointee would also be appointed HEAD of the Department. Applicants should be suitably qualified scholars with relevant experience in University teaching and publications. Experience of Leadership in an academic department would be an added advantage. Professors must be of sufficient standing to enable them to give guidance to a team with varied experiences, and will be expected to introduce and develop a postgraduate programme as soon as this is feasible. The posts offer challenging opportunities to those willing to accept the challenges and problems of a new institution and respond to them positively. Secondment for a 2/3 year period from sister University would be welcomed. Salary scale: N11,268 - N12,420 per annum (approx. £9,549 - £10,525 p.a. sterling) (£1 sterling = N1.18). There may be supplementation of salary for married appointees of £2,160 p.a. (sterling) (reviewed annually and normally free of all tax) and provision of children's education allowances and holiday visit passages. 25% of salary contract addition (partly taxable) is payable which may be partially allocated for superannuation purposes. Family passages, various allowances, biennial overseas leave. Part furnished accommodation is provided as soon as possible and University provided accommodation or housing allowance in lieu. Detailed application (2 copies) including a curriculum vitae and naming three referees to be sent by 30 May 1978 to the Registrar, University of Calabar, P.M.B. 1115, Calabar, Nigeria. Applicants resident in UK should also sent one copy to Mrs H. Biggs, Inter-University Council, 90/91 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 0DT. Further particulars may be obtained from either address.

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NATIONAL COUNCIL OF SOCIAL SERVICE

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT
INNER CITY POLICY

The NCSS provides advice to voluntary organisations on developments in inner city policy. The member of staff responsible requires an assistant to provide administrative and secretarial support, including assisting with the organisation of conferences, seminars and meetings, and also become involved in the provision of advice on inner city policies and opportunities.

Experience of office administration and the ability to type and use common sense essential. An interest in inner cities and the work of voluntary organisations desirable.

Salary: £2,510 - £3,687 (Under Phase III review) plus £133 p.a. London Allowance, starting point according to age, qualifications and experience. Four weeks and three days annual leave, superannuation scheme, subsidised lunches.

Further details and application form from the Administrator, NCSS, 26 Bedford Square, London WC1B 3HU. 01-636 4066. Closing date: 12 May 1978.

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NEW STATESMAN

Vol. 95 No. 2458

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Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE (Royal Shakespeare Company) 836 6404. Recorded bkg. info. 836 5332. Shakespeare's 'Henry V' and 'Henry VI' Part 1, 2 and 3 in repertoire. See daily press for dates and times. RSC also at The Warehouse in John Ford's 'Tis Pity She's A Whore', Paul Thompson's 'The Lorenzaccio Story', August Strindberg's 'The Dance of Death' and at the Piccadilly Theatre in Peter Nichols' 'Privates on Parade'.

ALMOST FREE. 485 6224. Limited season only! Wolf Mankowitz's 'Samson & Delilah', N.B. nightly 8 includes Suns. No show Fri. 'Remarkable, visual & emotional climaxes', Times.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE, 722 9301. Prevs from 4 May. Georgina Hale, Susan Hampshire, Richard Moore, Peter Woodthorpe in 'The Tribades by Per Olof Enquist. Mon.-Sat. 8 p.m.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. 'Brand', 'The Cherry Orchard', 'Plenty', 'The Guardsman', 'Bedroom Farce', 'Don Juan comes back from the war'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

ROYAL COURT. 730 1745. Last week 'Class Enemy' by Nigel Williams. Eves 8, Sats 5 & 8.30.

THEATRE ROYAL, WINDSOR. 95 61107. 2-27 May. 'Ten Little Niggers' by Agatha Christie.

ARTS THEATRE. 836 3334
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240 0362/3

Cinema

SCREEN ON THE HILL. 435 3366 (opp. Belsize Park Tube). James Ivory's 'Roseland' (A). Progs at 3.00, 5.00, 7.00, 9.15.

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Meetings

BUDDHISM IN LONDON. Details: British Buddhist Assoc. 242 5538 (office hrs).

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A JOINT MEETING Focus Group-UNICEF at the Royal Commonwealth Society, 18 Northumberland Ave, WC2, on Tuesday 2 May, 6.30. A talk by Phil Vincent, Project Support Communications Officer, UNICEF, 'East Africa: Communications at the grass roots in the developing World'. Admission 30p for non-RCS members.

WALSBY SOCIETY: Fifth Harold Walsby Memorial Lecture. Alexandras Shtromas (Research Fellow in Peace Studies, former Soviet legal scholar), on 'Marxist-Leninist Ideology in the USSR Today! Conway Hall, Tuesday 2 May 1978. 8 p.m. Adm. free.

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ADLERIAN SOCIETY. 'The Position of Social Interest in Different Psychological Schools', Emerich Weissmann MD. Tuesday 2 May 7.30 p.m. Mary Sumner Hall, 24 Tufton St, SW1. Visitors welcome 50p (students 25p).

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE at 23 Norfolk Sq., W2: Sun. 30 April, Swami Bhavyananda on 'Meditation and Mind Control'. 5 p.m. All welc. Vedanta mag. 50p.

THEOSOPHY. Informal Forum on Basic Theosophy, Sun. 30 Apr. 8 p.m. All welcome. S.a.e. free pamphlet, talks programme, booklist. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2.

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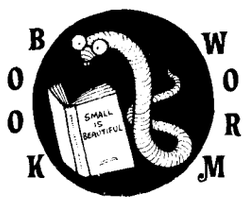

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